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REPLY BY DYNAMITE.

THE party of Mr. PARNELL is perhaps to be thanked for having made its rejoinder to Mr. GLADSTONE so promptly. It is of course possible that the outrage of Thursday night was not the work of Irishmen; there is no evidence to show that it was. But, considering the course of events for the last three years and the published arguments of the Irish-American press, the civilized world will probably decide unhesitatingly enough on its origin. *United Ireland* may set it down to the Irish landlords, and there may be some persons who will take it for a providentially averted attempt by English Tories on the life of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is unnecessary to take account of these hypotheses. In ordinary circumstances it is well to let suspicion wait as far as it may on proof. In present circumstances it will be granted that Irishmen have not been endeavouring to bring Deluge value within the range of practical politics by blowing up the Local Government Office when they have cleared themselves of the imputation. The character of an honourable nation has been brought so low by recent events that in the case of the baser of its members the ordinary presumption is reversed. The Fenian Land-Leaguers, the mongrel offspring of the Irish Republican brotherhood and the Home Rule party, the associates of the Invincibles and the Skirmishers, the perpetrators and the apologists of murder and maiming, may fairly be deemed guilty till they have proved themselves innocent. It is not unjust, for it is their own doing.

The opening of the dynamite war in London appears to have been fortunately characterized by the same mixture of cowardice and clumsiness which has frequently distinguished the operations of this gang of skulking scoundrels. The Skirmisher is anxious to do harm, but he is still more anxious to suffer none. Accordingly he selects times and places where and when escape is easy, regardless of the fact that the same conditions render execution improbable. It is possible, of course, that some error may have occurred in timing the explosion; but the more probable explanation of the singular attempt to blow up a practically empty building at that part of its frontage which looks towards an open space has been already given. The result of the appeal to holy dynamite was as peculiar as apparently the conception of it was. According to the compared accounts on the morning after the explosion, the cutting and bruising of one policeman, one woman, and two small children in bed in a neighbouring house rewarded the valour of the Skirmishers. This also is entirely in accordance with precedent. The attempted blowing up of the Regent Road Barracks resulted somewhat more fatally; that of the Clerkenwell Prison much more fatally. But in each case women and children were the principal victims of Irish heroism. The peculiarity of the dynamite war is that it is specially directed to non-combatants, and this may possibly account for the extreme indignation shown by the dynamite soldiers themselves when any casualties happen to their own ranks. They are so careful of their own throats that it naturally seems to them incredible that the enemy should take the liberty of surrounding them with the rope which graces them so well. But it would be unwise to presume that the comparative futility of these atrocious crimes will always continue, or to make light of them on this account. The chances of an outrage of this sort being fatal or not to life are in London

almost entirely incalculable. The slightest accident will bring a crowd together in the capital; the most ordinary hazard will accumulate it at any given point. Had there been such a crowd within reach of the stones which were hurled like round shot from the front of the wrecked room, the results might have been frightful. Had the building itself been less solid and more closely surrounded, it is almost impossible that, as at Clerkenwell, terrible results should not have followed. These obvious considerations are worth putting for the sake, not of arousing panic—for that is the last thing that is desirable—but of indicating the gravity of the situation. The careless English habit of neglecting enemies it despises, and refusing to take the very simple and obvious means of intimidating and forestalling them, has its good sides; but it is one which if pursued in the present case may lead to frightful disaster, and may itself become almost criminal, if not wholly so.

But this is not all which is to be said on the subject. As has been hinted, if the actual perpetrators of these outrages are not known, their aiders and abettors, their chiefs and their defenders, are known perfectly well. The policy which encourages them is known; the remarks which have invited such crimes as that of Thursday are on record. It is to propitiate and conciliate scoundrels like these that the principles of law and of justice, the teachings of history and of science, have been set at naught and turned topsy-turvy. The result of the Land Act was the 6th of May; the result of the Arrears Bill appears to be the 15th of March. It matters nothing whether the immediate instigations to the two crimes were or were not disappointment of part of the hopes entertained; the connection is equally clear, and the endless chain of crime and surrender, surrender and crime, equally demonstrable. How long are these things going to continue? How long is robbery to be brought within the range of practical politics by murder, and the *lucellum* of a twenty per cent. property tax on one class for the benefit of another to come from the *lux* of dynamite explosions? In other words, how long are the people of Paraguay going to continue idiots? The moral of the events of the last three years has been written very plainly before now, but it has perhaps hardly been written quite so plainly as on the wall of the Local Government Office. There is a party in Parliament which is known to be morally responsible for crimes of this kind, yet it is allowed to go its way, not indeed exactly approved of, but practically uninterfered with. There are Ministers in power whose declarations have virtually invited such deeds as these, and whose policy has rewarded them; yet at the mere statement of the fact men shake their heads as over a melancholy example of personal and party malice. There are Englishmen in Parliament and out of it who abet the abettors of the Skirmishers with vote and with voice in the press and on the platform, yet to denounce them as public enemies would still be thought by many good persons as a sad and scandalous exaggeration of party spirit. All this can be said with truth, and while it can be said the blame of such intolerable incidents as that of Thursday night will not rest wholly on Irish shoulders. It will rest, at least partially, on those who have not dared to face the Irish question; on those who have abused it for party purposes, and on those who in far greater number have followed their leaders to do both evils.

THE TRANSVAAL.

THE debates in both Houses on the affairs of the Transvaal failed to disclose any serious differences of opinion. No member of either party is prepared to recommend a resort to force; and it is abundantly clear that in the present instance diplomacy is useless. Lord CAIRNS was perhaps justified in suggesting that Lord DERBY's characteristic candour would convey to the Boer Government the just impression that it has nothing to fear; but both its acts and the tone of nearly all its official communications prove that no additional assurance of perfect impunity is required. Mr. J. MORLEY discovered one doubtful exception to the cynical contempt of the Transvaal Government for the terms of the Convention. In a Note which he quoted, the STATE SECRETARY, while he acknowledges the breach of the agreement of 1881, states as to two of the native chiefs that "we did not want an inch of their ground; and that with regard to landed property we desired distinctly and absolutely to respect the line defined by the Convention." Even in this passage a violation of the compact is admitted, and no other trace can be found of a recognition of solemn obligations not two years old. It was natural that the conduct of the Boers should provoke strong language; but just reproaches unsupported by threats are unprofitable, and sometimes undignified. The real issue between the two parties in the debate was whether the Government was to blame for the capitulation of which the inevitable result is now manifest; and the defence preferred by Liberal speakers was almost entirely confined to a counter charge. The present outrages would not have occurred but for the surrender made by the Government; yet there would have been nothing to surrender but for the improvident annexation. Wreng generates wrong, and blunder produces blunder; but for each link in the chain of misadventure the immediate agent is primarily responsible. Lord SALISBURY's quotation of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech in defence of the Convention was absolutely conclusive. "We have," said Mr. GLADSTONE, "put ourselves in the position to provide a far more efficient safeguard than we could have done in the interests of the natives if we had retained the Transvaal in the colonial connexion." Probably before these remarks are published, Mr. GLADSTONE will have shown that by an efficient safeguard he meant no safeguard at all. For the present his words must be understood in their natural sense. The Government is responsible for the falsification of its former assurances. Promises to the same effect directly made to the chiefs are now unavoidably repudiated. The interest of the debate was therefore wholly retrospective; but the discussion in the House of Commons was preceded by a significant incident. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, late Secretary for the Colonies, had given notice of a motion which would have opened up the whole question of the Transvaal. Mr. GORST, for the second time in the present Session, had previously proposed to assume the lead of the Opposition; but he would not have had the audacity to persist in his intrusion if he had not been encouraged by the Government to widen the schism which he has repeatedly attempted to make in his party. Mr. GLADSTONE, with the obvious purpose of encouraging mutiny in the Conservative ranks, refused to offer the responsible ex-Minister the ordinary facilities for bringing his motion forward. Mr. GORST accordingly enjoyed by Mr. GLADSTONE's favour his usurped precedence; and he commenced his speech with the wholly superfluous statement that he had no wish to embarrass the Government from which he had just received direct, if not collusive, encouragement. It is to the Opposition and not to the Government that Mr. GORST causes periodical embarrassment. On the Ministerial side two speakers disapproved the former policy of the Government. Mr. MORLEY and Mr. CAIRWRIGHT both regretted the Convention which, according to Mr. GLADSTONE's idle prophecy, provided the best security for the rights of the natives. The adjournment of the debate renders it possible that some novelty may have been imported into the discussion by later speakers; but Mr. FORSTER can scarcely have suggested any effective mode of protecting the interests of his Kafir clients.

If interference were practicable, the encroachments of the Transvaal Government and its subjects on the lands of neighbouring tribes would raise more than one difficult question. The general impression that atrocities have been systematically committed by the Boers is not supported by the official correspondence; but it is certain that

the Convention of 1881 has been violated in the letter and the spirit. The difficulty consists neither in ascertaining the facts nor in judging of the merits of the case, but in applying a remedy. Retrospective criticism of the former policy of the English Government is easier, but it is now, as far as native interests are concerned, obviously useless. The humiliating submission that followed two or three petty defeats could scarcely have failed to cause the present embarrassments. For the purpose of disguising a virtual acknowledgment of failure, Mr. GLADSTONE, without opposition from his colleagues, reserved certain nominal rights which it was almost impossible to maintain by force. Although the victorious Boers insisted on independence, they assented to a recognition of the vague or unmeaning title of suzerainty. The term has been since defined as the reservation by a superior person of the privilege of exercising moral influence; and in such phrases the word "moral" means imaginary or unreal. In the present instance it was still more distinctly defined by the failure of previous material efforts. Such influence as remained was to be exercised through the agency of an English Resident; and Mr. HUDSON, who holds the office, has displayed both sound judgment and vigour in the discharge of his duties. The two Governments agreed on a boundary of the dominions of the Transvaal, and it was also agreed that all communications with chiefs and others beyond the frontier should be conducted by the English Resident. The same functionary was authorized in certain cases to protect natives living within the Transvaal from oppression; but no controversy on this subject seems to have arisen. The arrangement was, as might easily have been foreseen, destined from the first to be futile. Many farms in Zululand, situated outside the new frontier, were already in the possession of Boer occupants. As might be expected, the owners have, in spite of the Convention, retained their lands, and there are no means of dispossessing them. In some instances the settlers have offered to retire on receiving compensation elsewhere; but the English Government has no power to satisfy their demands.

More serious disputes have occurred on the western frontier where the Transvaal territory joins the lands of the Bechuanas or Barolongs. Feuds among the native chiefs have been either promoted or maintained by Boer adventurers; and in one instance a border war has resulted in a so-called treaty, concluded with the connivance, if not with the formal participation, of the Government at Pretoria. In direct contradiction of the terms of the Convention, the chiefs who have been compelled to sign the treaty bind themselves to become subjects of the Transvaal, and to renounce all relations with the English Government. It matters little whether credit is to be given to the statement of a despoiled chief, MONTSIOA, that the mark which purports to represent his signature was really affixed by one of the Boers. It may be taken for granted that the chiefs would repudiate the agreement, even if it had been duly executed, if they were strong enough, or if they were assured of Imperial support. Mr. HUDSON thinks it probable that the late belligerents will soon combine against the formidable neighbour who, as enemy or ally, has impartially deprived them both of large portions of their lands. The struggle can ultimately have but one result. Since the defeat and submission of the English Government, and the withdrawal of the Cape Colony from intervention in native affairs, the Boers extend their possessions by the same process which twelve or thirteen hundred years ago was, according to recent historians, practised by Angles and Jutes and Saxons in Britain. In that case also the Power which had formerly ruled and protected the native inhabitants had withdrawn from a burdensome task. The warlike invaders spread out by degrees from their original settlements till they pushed the residue of the original population into remote and inaccessible districts. If they had been forbidden by treaties to profit by their superior strength, they would probably have been as little restrained as the South African Boers by written engagements. In their warfare with the natives, invaders from the Transvaal are not likely to be scrupulous; but no white men actually took part in the most cruel act which is recorded in the Blue Book. Neither the RESIDENT nor his able assistant and secretary Mr. RUTHERFORD anywhere refer to alleged kidnapping of Kafir children for the purpose of employing them as slaves. The official language of the Transvaal Government is sometimes discourteous, but the only serious cause of offence is deliberate disregard of the Convention.

It is impossible to dispute the argumentative force of a remonstrance made to the English RESIDENT by MONTSIOA. "I want to know," he says, "if the English Government allows these freebooters to seize my country in this way? And whether the Convention they made at Pretoria with the Boers is really destroyed? Are these freebooters really under no Government, and will they be allowed to do as they like? I should like to have an answer to this as soon as possible." Unfortunately the chief will have to wait long for a satisfactory answer. The freebooters are virtually under the Government of the Transvaal, and they will be allowed to do as they like. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, in a despatch to Lord DERBY, repeats the statement of the RESIDENT in the Transvaal that there are four courses open to the English Government. It may intervene by military force. The disturbed territory might be divided between the Cape Colony and the Transvaal; but this solution is at once eliminated by the refusal of the Cape Ministry to undertake any additional risk or expense. The third alternative is to hand over the territory to the Republic; and the fourth is to adhere to the Convention, though it cannot be enforced. There is nothing to be gained by the third course; for the Boers would only be encouraged to make new aggressions by a formal recognition of the success of their lawless enterprises. A new South African war, even in the justest of causes, would not be sanctioned by Parliament or the country. Two opportunities of checking the Boer aggressions on native territories have been allowed to pass. The Zulu war and the previous annexation saved them from the imminent danger of an invasion by the army of CETEWAYO. At a later time the Boer revolt might have been suppressed by a competent force then assembled on their frontier; but Mr. GLADSTONE thought fit to make a gratuitous surrender; and he or his country now experiences the natural result. At this time the Cape Government would render no aid to an English expedition; and a war with the Republic would probably inflame the feeling of jealousy which exists between the two European races in the colony. It is not improbable that at some future time the Cape may be compelled to act in its own defence. The encroachments of the Boers will ultimately force the Kaffir tribes to unite in their own defence, and the war may not be confined to the original aggressors. There has seldom been a more whimsical combination than the alliance of the philanthropists with a conquering race addicted to slave-owning.

Although the oppression of native tribes cannot without undue sacrifices be prevented, the inference that the alleged authors of the mischief should be exempt from censure is neither reasonable nor consistent with constitutional practice. Mr. GORST indeed stated with evident sincerity that he had no wish to embarrass, or, in other words, to blame, the Government; and yet the debate was a mere waste of time if it was not devoted to historical or political criticism. The course which was pursued by Mr. GLADSTONE would have caused universal indignation at the time if it had less nearly coincided with the factitious popularity which he had earned in Midlothian and at the general election. His versions of the Convention and its tendency were transparently paradoxical; but at that time his adherents deemed him infallible. It is but right that the total failure of his anticipations should be publicly noted. It is doubtful whether his Transvaal policy was not a subsidiary cause of the Egyptian war. It is not a gratifying reflection that the natives who trusted in English protection are the immediate victims. The dwarf in the fable suffered for the triumphs of his powerful comrade. In the present instance the giant has run away, leaving the dwarf to the mercy of his enemies.

INDIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE Government of India has just accomplished a feat of unparalleled dexterity. It has called up a hurricane out of an atmosphere of the serenest calm; it has run the vessel of the State on a reef of rocks clearly visible at high water; it has drilled, disciplined, and organized against itself the whole forces of a loyal and orderly community. Letters of eminent ex-officials, and telegrams as detailed as the letters of Special Correspondents during the Crimean War, leave scarcely any room for further explanation. All the main facts and reasons for or against the Criminal Procedure Bill are really before the world.

But there is some risk lest the attention of the English public, hitherto justly given to the apprehensions of British merchants and residents in the interior, may be diverted from a more serious danger to which the whole fabric of the Indian administration is exposed. British capital will always find abundance of determined, vigorous, and plain-spoken partisans when its security is threatened. The official Englishman does not resort to meetings, and has no means of calling public attention to a policy which is to deprive him of more than one-half of his power to do any good. He replies to a Circular or gives his opinion about a Resolution, and then submits in silence.

Lord RIPON's new scheme for local or self government is so vast in its scope, so complex in its details, and so unprecedented in its character, that it would require a whole Blue Book and half the pages of some monthly magazine to put it in its true and full light. But, pending the production of Parliamentary papers, quite enough has been revealed to show that, unless checked from home, the Government of India is determined to push the scheme of decentralization begun by Lord MAYO to lengths of which neither that statesman nor either of his successors could have dreamt. And, as divers official documents have been already treated as public property in India and in this country, we lose no time in analysing the most important one in the whole series. It is something more revolutionary and ominous than the possible trial of some misguided Englishman for local crime or misdemeanour in a jungly district far away from good legal advisers, by a native magistrate or judge.

A Resolution of the Government of India, about ten months old, reviewing certain replies of the Local Governments to a previous circular, proceeds to lay down the following doctrines and canons for the guidance of its subordinates. It proposes to establish "a network of 'Local Boards,' urban and rural, in every district; to introduce the elective principle everywhere; to try 'the simple vote, the cumulative vote, election by wards, towns, or tracts'; and to vest the Boards with the entire control over local rates and cesses, the licence tax, the receipts from cattle pounds, ferries and roads, and to allot them in addition lump sums from the Provincial revenues. It is further provided that the nominated members of the new Board are in no case to be more than one-third of the whole; that the members are to choose their own chairman; and that in none but the most uncivilized areas is the district or sub-divisional officer, in other words the magistrate or the joint magistrate, to be the chairman of this new body; and then he is not to have a vote. The natives are to elect themselves, to draw out estimates, to dispense funds, to make roads and bridges, and to look after schools and hospitals without the slightest check, supervision, or interference by men who hitherto have been the pivot, focus, and centre of all useful organization and rational progress whatever. Only the Local Government is to have power to suspend a Board for 'gross neglect.' With the most perfect gravity, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council admits that he 'does not suppose that the work will be in the first instance better done than if it remained in the sole hands of the Government district officers.' On the contrary, it is complacently anticipated that there will 'doubtless be many failures' calculated 'to cast discredit on the practice of self-government itself.' He recognizes, but does not attach value to, a theory that the people of India are themselves 'entirely indifferent' to this principle. He admits that self-government is as yet 'in its infancy,' and that existing district committees or municipalities have been, 'as a rule,' very badly attended. But he discards all these truisms or commonplaces in favour of two considerations. The administrators are overworked and overburdened, and must be somehow relieved from pressure; and the new scheme is put forward not 'with a view to improvement in administration,' but because it is chiefly desirable as 'an instrument of political and popular education.' On these two main issues the battle of principles ought to be fought, and no skilful adjustment of local machinery, no assumed loyalty on the part of sullen and bewildered district officers, no fulsome or impertinent encomiums by native journalists, should blind Englishmen of all ranks and parties who have the most elementary knowledge of Indian administration to the revolutionary chimera propounded, like others, with a jaunty spirit and a light heart.

We say then that it is opposed to every maxim that has been

acted on since our rule had any shape. The first requisite for stability and progress in India is a strong and equitable administration in the hands of capable, well-paid district officers, to whom, as we have just been told in Lord LAWRENCE'S biography, nothing comes amiss, from a hunt after Thugs or the capture of a murderer, to the digging of a reservoir or the construction of a bridge. That natives should be gradually educated to take some active part in public affairs has, for the last fifty years, never been seriously questioned. The trials of criminals by jury in special districts, the admission of natives to the High Courts, to the magistracies of the Presidency towns, to the various legislative councils, and the creation of municipalities in large towns and bazaars under the active direction of magistrates and official chairmen—all these and other measures have been cautious, gradual, tentative, subject to repeated revision and check. No such wholesale measure has ever been tried, nor, according to all precedent and analogy, can it have the least chance of success. A good deal has been made by the apologists of the scheme of a supposed aptitude on the part of natives to combine for objects on which they set their hearts. Now it is perfectly true that agricultural castes will meet to apportion their quotas of revenue due to the State; that village elders will form a Panchayat to mulct an offender against the sanctity of caste; or will fight tenaciously for the privilege of making a caste investiture, or dragging a Car of Jagannath along a certain road on a particular date. But who ever heard of natives of different castes meeting spontaneously and amicably to stop the spread of small-pox, to assess themselves for the payment of the village watch, to make regulations for hospitals and schools, and to apply local funds for practical or charitable purposes, without the guidance or instigation of the English magistrate? To assume the existence and growth of these indispensable qualifications for action is to ignore facts patent to any Englishman, official or independent, after a six months' experience. Then the best plans of social reform have usually commenced from below. The magistrate and the Commissioner have given point and effect to some local grievance, or collected the scattered rays of native opinion into one lens. The Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, or Chief Commissioner of the Province has then written to the VICEROY, in order to remove the scandal or to supply the want. This new-fangled self-government, as far as can be made out, has had its rise, progress, and full development in the brains of the VICEROY and his Council alone, and it is no secret that a large number of the most experienced officials in India look on it with incredulity and dislike. Retired Anglo-Indians of all shades of politics have agreed in condemning it. A good deal was said some three years ago of the improper reversal of the foreign policy of no less than half a dozen Viceroys. This pretentious and pompous scheme of local self-government gives the lie to every principle on which hitherto our dominion has been built, not less by generations of practised administrators than by English statesmen chosen in succession from either side of the House. If it were ever to succeed on the lines laid down, a large part of Indian history would have to be rewritten. We might be asked to believe that most of our famous battles had been won by Sepoys under the command of native Subbadars, that the abolition of Sutte had been due to the advocacy of Brahmans, that infanticide had been voluntarily exposed and abandoned by Rajpoots, that rent laws in favour of down-trodden Ryots had been devised by influential landholders, that the laws for the remarriage of widows and for liberty of conscience to converts had been passed without the strenuous exertions of high-minded and conscientious Englishmen. A faint attempt to palliate the obvious objections to Lord RUPON'S action has been made by Sir R. TEMPLE in the *Contemporary Review* for March. It is indeed "A New Departure" for that eminent administrator himself, but his whole argument, after all, is only a recommendation that little boys, in order to be taught how to swim, should be chucked summarily into water ten feet deep. It would puzzle Sir RICHARD himself, with all his gifts of penmanship and power of getting work out of subordinates, to prevent such a scheme from ending where it must end if tried on this portentous scale—in gross mismanagement, speculation, waste of funds, the revival of religious, social, and village antipathies, the stoppage of material improvement, the discredit of native agency in other spheres, and general dislocation, misrule, and discredit. The time is not yet come for us to apologize for our presence in India; nor can we avoid our legiti-

mate responsibilities by any plea of overwork, or by any reliance on uncertain social forces, imaginary virtues, or a sudden discovery that natives deserve to be taught the rudiments of self-government at the public expense.

MR. PARNELL'S LAND BILL.

IF, according to the fancies common in the political writing of the last century, a traveller from Sirius or Aldebaran had spent a single day on this earth in his passage to some remote quarter of the universe, he would probably, had he devoted it to visiting the House of Commons during the PRIME MINISTER'S speech on Wednesday, have gone on his journey with the idea that Mr. GLADSTONE was a great and just statesman. Some of the PRIME MINISTER'S followers in the House and some of his supporters in the press have, indeed, tried to minimize the significance of his speech. The tinkering of the Land Act, they say, is to be postponed this year; but it will be undertaken next year, or the year after. There is no encouragement to be found in the PRIME MINISTER'S actual words for this contention, except in relation to matters of such small importance that, except on the question of principle, Mr. CHAPLIN or Mr. GIBSON would have little to say against amendment. It is true that, unlike the visitor from Aldebaran, it is difficult for an Englishman who has attended to politics to separate the firmness and equity of Mr. GLADSTONE'S language on this occasion from the laxity and crookedness of his language on others. It is impossible for opponents of the Irish land policy of the Ministry to forget that all Mr. GLADSTONE'S fair and seemly arguments against disturbing legislation and demanding new sacrifices from the landlords apply quite as forcibly to the legislation and the sacrifices of 1870 as to the legislation and the sacrifices of 1881. But if these by-gones are let pass, there is nothing in Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech, and in the well-reasoned remarks with which it was followed up by Sir FARRAR HERSHELL, which did not deserve the cordial support of members on both sides of the House. The absolute madness of encouraging continual cries for "more"; the practical impolicy of disturbing settlements almost before they have come into effect; the injustice of regarding the property of a particular class as a kind of bank on which to draw for successive doles to quiet agitation; the impudence (for no milder word will do) of describing the lowered rents of the Commission as "rack rents"; the character of the refusal to give any pledge to abandon agitation of an illegal and violent character—all these things are plain enough, and require little comment. But, considering the very different language which has been too often heard from Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues, the declarations of Wednesday cannot be too heartily welcomed; and the event of Thursday night will, it may be hoped, make it impossible for them to be recalled.

The details of Mr. PARNELL'S proposed amendments of the Land Act need but little discussion, partly because none of the points raised are new, and partly because it is impossible not to perceive that the obtaining of a Parliamentary reversal of the decision in *ADAMS v. DUNSEATH* and the remedy of the supposed woes of leaseholders, much more the drawing up of a stricter definition of town parks and the alteration of date as to the beginning of the new rents, were only colourably the objects of Mr. PARNELL and his followers. As is not uncommon with them, they played from their own point of view a game of "Heads I win, tails you lose," and if anything they probably preferred tails. Concession on Mr. GLADSTONE'S part would have increased their own reputation in Ireland, and have formed a stepping-stone to fresh demands; refusal on Mr. GLADSTONE'S part is avowedly to be the starting-point of a new agitation in Ireland and a new collecting mission in the United States. The particular demands of petitioners who are in such a case need no very elaborate treatment, even if those demands had not been on former occasions again and again discussed. But some of the replies to the Irish speeches from the Government side deserve notice, and the preposterous character of the demands put forth in those speeches cannot be wholly passed over. It was remarked half in jest that, by the combination of the two principles of identifying predecessorship in title with predecessorship in occupancy and throwing the burden of proof as to improvements unrestrictedly on the landlord, that capitalist would find his capital reduced not merely to prairie value, but to the value of the land when

the waters of the Deluge retired from it. But the speaker showed himself imperfectly aware of the true purport of Mr. PARNELL's proposals. For the Deluge itself must undoubtedly rank as a predecessor in occupancy. The improvement effected by it in the way of depositing alluvium must in some cases have been considerable, and would in those cases be, under the Bill, presumed to be the property of the present tenant. The truth is that the audacious iniquity of the proposals makes it difficult to deal with them altogether seriously. But the argument of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL as to the decision in *ADAMS v. DUNSEATH* is a very serious and a very important contribution to the subject. It has been the custom of the English supporters of the Land League to ridicule the "metaphysical" argument as to the inherent improveableness of land, and the contention that this improveableness and its results are and must be the property of the landlord. But this argument has now been fully adopted and strongly urged by one of the law advisers of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is to be hoped therefore that no more may be heard about the evasion of the intentions of the Government by the Irish judges. If any more is heard, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's argument remains for reference.

The winning hazard having thus failed Mr. PARNELL and his friends, they are preparing to try the losing one, which they have probably in secret preferred as more profitable. The drum is to be beaten afresh in Ireland, though under present conditions it will have to be artistically muffled; and the hat is to be sent round once more in America. An experienced artist in the latter operation has already reached the American shores in the person of Mr. PATRICK EGAN. But it does not, on the whole, appear that Mr. EGAN has received a warm welcome, or that cheque-books are likely to flutter hospitably open at his call. Indeed the respectable organs of opinion in the United States express an anxiety quite as pressing as that felt by Englishmen to know what Mr. EGAN has done with the money he has had already, and why he has left Ireland in so curious a fashion at the present moment, if the relations of the Land League treasury with the Invincibles are so clean as he pretends. Mr. EGAN's answers on these points up to the present time leave much to desire. He is apparently never tired of repeating that his principal tormentor, Lady FLORENCE DIXIE, gets her facts from a personal enemy of his. This is in its turn denied. But Mr. EGAN appears to be unaccountably blind to the important question, which is not Who says it? but Is it true? When a man is charged with malversation, or something like it, it is no answer to say that his accuser does not like him and that he does not like his accuser. The only valid answer is to produce a properly audited balance-sheet. Of this fact the people of the United States, with the exception of a few very ignorant Irishmen and Irishwomen, are perfectly well aware, being, as a rule, very competent in matters of business, and the prospects of a new collecting tour on the platform that Mr. GLADSTONE has refused Deluge value do not seem altogether exhilarating. Indeed it is not at the present moment clear what prospect is exhilarating for Mr. PARNELL. He has been refused point blank by Mr. GLADSTONE. Unless the Opposition is suddenly demented, he can hope nothing from them. His handful of extreme Radical friends will write for him, speak for him, and sometimes vote for him, but they will not quarrel with Mr. GLADSTONE for him—that is to say, they will give him no real assistance. He has lost what little caste he retained in England by his attitude after the Dublin disclosures. Obstruction pure and simple is dangerous at the present moment, and not very profitable in any case. But it must be remembered that Mr. PARNELL has, of all prominent politicians of the present moment, the most remarkable talent for lying by. The Session promises many opportunities of doing ill turns to the Government in a small way, and may possibly provide some of doing it ill turns in a large way. An onslaught now and then on Mr. TREVELYAN made by himself or his henchmen will serve to keep up his popularity in Ireland, and when the trials of the Invincibles come on it may be possible to do something more than he has ever yet done to cut himself off from his order and endear himself to the scum and riffraff of Ireland, with whom he seems to have set up his rest. But his allies of Thursday night must, even from his own point of view, have been somewhat unwelcome; and, except in Ireland, they can but add to his difficulties.

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF.

THE long, distinguished, and successful life of Prince GORTCHAKOFF has come to an end. In the latter years of his life his name faded out of public notice, partly because Russian diplomacy had sustained something of a reverse at Berlin, partly because times and things had changed in Russia, but principally because he was long past eighty years of age, and his strength both of body and mind was sinking. In his best days he was at the head of European diplomacy. Prince BISMARCK and Count CAVOUR were more than diplomatists; they were the makers of kingdoms or empires. Prince GORTCHAKOFF was merely the exponent of the continuous foreign policy of one great Power; but in the race with his contemporaries he had the enormous advantage that the country he served was Russia, and that his tenure of office was never exposed to the uncertainties of Parliamentary Government. For a quarter of a century Russia always spoke through Prince GORTCHAKOFF, and rival diplomatists who rose or fell had always Prince GORTCHAKOFF to deal with. The triumphs of a diplomatist are to write well, to talk well, to conciliate, and to overawe. Prince GORTCHAKOFF wrote with brilliant terseness and abundance of polite sarcasm. He was always forcible when he had a chance of convincing, and always plausible when he was sure to be refuted. As a talker he had the greatest of conversational successes, for he invented at least two epigrams which went the round of Europe. He was sufficiently attractive to win for a time the admiring friendship of men so different as the Emperor of the French and Prince BISMARCK, and as an opponent it may be said that, having first been appointed to high office during the Crimean War and pressed submission on the Czar, he lived to see torn up every shred of the Treaty of Paris which was adverse or humiliating to Russia. At the end of his diplomatic career he found Russia in a less commanding position than that which she occupied when he was still an aspirant to greatness. But this was rather because other Powers had risen than because Russia had fallen back. As the centre of successful resistance on the Continent to NAPOLEON, and the main creator of the Europe which rose on NAPOLEON's fall, Russia had during the long period of peace which followed the settlement of Vienna a supremacy which there was no rival to contest. Now Germany has been invented and Austria reconstituted. Russia is confronted with neighbours who were comparatively powerless and now are very powerful. There are also new and special dangers with which the Government of Russia has to contend at home. But the criticism of jealous or triumphant foreigners is always apt to exaggerate the effects of the internal difficulties of a nation on its foreign policy. For a time its reputation or influence may be eclipsed, but the foreign policy of great States is really continuous, and as the wheel of fortune goes round they find an opportunity of upholding it. For the purposes of European politics there is no real sign that the power of Russia is broken or is likely to be broken. Prince GORTCHAKOFF did not invent the foreign policy of Russia, or change it, or abandon it. He merely pursued it, with some failures and many successes; and those who, rightly from the English point of view, think this policy needs much watching and much checking, may be sure that Prince GORTCHAKOFF has left behind him a Russia which deserves to be as much watched and checked as it ever did.

There is nothing special in the foreign policy of Russia, and there was nothing special in the diplomacy of Prince GORTCHAKOFF. All great States have a foreign policy, which is for each what the foreign policy of the others is for them; and all great diplomatists work in the same way. They have the same objects, and the only distinction between them is that they pursue their objects with different degrees of ingenuity and tenacity. Each Power wants, as a rule, to work with other Powers, to keep up the state of things as it exists, with such modifications as can be introduced by discussion and agreement, the possibility of agreement really depending on the balance of power. Each Power has also objects of its own, which it occasionally finds itself able or obliged to attain by separate action. Diplomacy is the art of bringing about reasonable agreements in ordinary times, and of managing to get a clear field for action in extraordinary times, and in this latter respect luck has often more to do with success than genius. There could scarcely be a better instance of a reasonable arrangement brought

about by diplomacy than the arrangement which has just been secured by the Danubian Conference. There could be no ground for contending that Russia should not, if it pleased, improve for the benefit of general commerce a branch of the Danube passing through its territory; but European diplomacy has managed to get Russia to agree that the control of the supply of water in the different branches shall be handed over to the European Commission, that the members of the Commission may inspect the works on the Russian branch, and that the tolls demanded by Russia shall be revised by Europe. This is very reasonable, and is in harmony with the general scheme for the regulation of the Danube which was entered into in the year when Prince GORTCHAKOFF became Russian Chancellor. Sometimes an amicable settlement reflects the wishes of some Powers rather than others, as when the Emperor of the French and Prince GORTCHAKOFF created Roumania out of the Danubian Provinces; or as when England, with the special concurrence of Russia, presented Greece with a handsome slice of Turkish territory as a reward for not fighting. In the effort to conserve the existing state of things, which must always be a principal aim of the Great Powers except when any of them wants a war, Russia and Prince GORTCHAKOFF necessarily adopted different instruments at different times. They used the little States of Germany to check Prussia and Austria as long as the little States could be profitably used. When they were wiped out, Prince GORTCHAKOFF formed the league of the three EMPERORS. He changed his means of carrying out his policy, not his policy itself, and he used, not without success, each of the means which he saw fit to employ.

Every Power finds, however, occasions when it wants to act alone, and luck, resolution, and good management contribute in varying proportions to freedom of independent action. Lord GRANVILLE has just won the diplomatic glory of acting alone in Egypt, and he is to be credited with commendable resolution in making it clear that England would go on whatever happened; but the stars also fought in their courses for him, for, as he implores the world to acknowledge, his management was all directed towards acting with others. Prince GORTCHAKOFF acted alone on three important occasions, and on all he acted with more or less success. He insisted on Russia being left to treat Poland after the last insurrection exactly as she pleased, and puffed away with insulting contempt the remonstrances and complaints of England and France. He had the active and very efficacious support of Prince BISMARCK, and gratefully repaid the obligation when the time came. Prince BISMARCK had, of course, reasons of his own for befriending Russia during her Polish difficulties; but the essence of good management on these occasions is to discover and act with the Power that will give countenance to the policy that is adopted. In 1870 Prince GORTCHAKOFF gave notice that Russia would no longer be bound by the clause of the Treaty of Paris excluding her armed vessels from the Black Sea. This was a very undiplomatic course to take, for Russia was well aware that no serious opposition would have been made in any quarter to a request that the clause should be abrogated, and Prince GORTCHAKOFF's usual method of getting what he wanted was one rather of subtle plausibility than of brusque violence. He may not improbably have had reasons for thinking, at the moment, more of his influence in Russia than of the opinion of Europe. Finally, he managed to be allowed by Europe to go to war with Turkey while all Europe looked on unmoved, or even sympathized, until Turkey was crushed. This was precisely what the Emperor NICHOLAS hoped would happen when he began what turned out to be the Crimean War. He was wrong; for England, France, and ultimately Austria, turned against him. When his time came, Prince GORTCHAKOFF calculated rightly. The league of the EMPERORS, the creation of Roumania and Servia, the effacement of France, and the English horror of Turkish misgovernment were the most important bases of the calculation. There was something of luck, but there was also much resolution and management, in the success of Russian policy at the time. With the outbreak of the war Prince GORTCHAKOFF's diplomatic career came to an end. He retired from a scene in which he had long played a prominent part, and in the opinion alike of friends and foes he had played this part well.

WYCOMBE AND MID-CHESHIRE.

TWO elections of unequal importance have taken place within the last week. The easy victory of Colonel GERARD SMITH at Wycombe ought not to be regretted by the Conservative community as distinguished from the Conservative party. Either candidate would have done credit to the constituency; but Mr. CARSON would not have represented so fully as his successful opponent the advantages of local and personal influence. Lord CARINGTON and his family, though they originally owed their elevation to Mr. PITT, have for a long time past been consistent members of the Whig aristocracy. Fifty years ago they did their party a service, which was perhaps not fully appreciated at the time, in delaying Mr. DISRAELI's entrance into the House of Commons. On his elevation to the peerage they made a vigorous effort to secure for their party the county seat which he had held for thirty years. They have now once more affirmed the principle that small boroughs ought to return to Parliament the nominees or friends of the chief nobleman in the neighbourhood. The patron is bound, on his part, to recommend a creditable candidate; and Lord CARINGTON has, in his choice among near and distant relatives, fulfilled the implied obligation. Colonel SMITH has been, as his title denotes, an officer in the army; he is a principal partner in a banking firm connected with the great house of SMITH, PAYNE, and SMITH; and he is a railway chairman of more than usual ability and energy. The establishment of an independent Company in the heart of the dominions of the North-Eastern Railway is mainly due to Colonel SMITH's indefatigable exertions. The Hull and Barnsley Company has already extended its powers as far as Huddersfield; and it is likely to flourish, either by alliances with neighbouring Companies or perhaps by a compromise with the powerful body of which it has disturbed the monopoly. Colonel SMITH enters the House of Commons with the official rank of Ordinary Groom-in-Waiting to HER MAJESTY. The Government, warned by a previous miscalculation which resulted in the loss of a seat for Salisbury, made the appointment before the Wycombe election. Although the new member has not hitherto been known as a politician, his probable opinions may be estimated almost as accurately as his certain votes. Lieutenant-Colonels who are bankers and railway chairmen, and officers of the Royal household, are not likely to be revolutionary fanatics. It is possible that the late election may be the final exercise of constitutional rights by an old-fashioned and complaisant borough. Colonel SMITH, whatever may be his private opinions, will necessarily vote for the extinction of his respectable but small constituency. The electoral division in which Wycombe will be swamped may possibly prefer a less respectable representative. Rich and well-born Whigs may perhaps reply to the common remark that they are sawing off the bough on which they sit, by the excuse that but for their submission to Radical dictation they would be summarily removed from their perch. In the meantime members who are pledged by circumstances, though not by party professions, to a distaste for democratic innovations are preferable to ambitious adventurers.

The contest for Mid-Cheshire with good reason excited warmer interest. In that case also a great local proprietor, supported by allies of the same class, relied on the influence and popularity which have hitherto attached to rank and wealth. No county contains more hereditary estates than Cheshire, and there are also many prosperous residents whose fortunes have been made in Liverpool or in the manufacturing districts. There is a large suburban constituency, probably divided in political opinion; and it was known that the election would be decided by the votes of the farmers. The bulk of the constituency consists of farmers, and the supporters of the Government accordingly relied on the offers which have been lavishly made to their class for exclusively political reasons. The hope has not been entirely disappointed, for there can be no doubt that Mr. LATHAM owed the respectable number of his minority to the prospect which he opened of obtaining boons for the tenants at the expense of the landlords. The circumstances of a district which depends largely on dairy produce were perhaps favourable to a Conservative candidate. The enormous losses suffered by Cheshire farmers in the days of the cattle plague are not yet forgotten; and, although the present Government recognizes the duty of

preventing, if possible, foreign infection, the Liberal party when it was out of office has generally stigmatized due precautions as indirect attempts to revive protection for farm produce. There is no doubt that the contest largely turned on considerations of material advantage; and it is satisfactory to find that the bribes of Liberal politicians have not corrupted the constituency. Mr. LATHAM and his supporters appealed without disguise to the cupidity of the tenant-farmers. Although there is no reason to suppose that in Mid-Cheshire, or indeed in any part of England, the landowners have misused their power or exceeded their rights, vague promises of tenant-right, and of transfer of burdens from the occupier to the owner, could not fail to have some effect. The numbers of the minority have consequently increased in a small degree since the general election, though the Conservative majority has grown in a larger proportion. The result will be to a certain extent discouraging to the Government.

The agitation of the Farmers' Alliance, often encouraged by indefinite language on the part of the Ministers, has apparently not destroyed the friendly feeling between landlords and tenants. Those who are practically acquainted with agricultural economy well know that compensation for real improvements is seldom withheld. In many parts of England it is secured by custom, and a calculation of its value is an element in every contract for a lease. By the Agricultural Holdings Act the burden of disproving the right of compensation is thrown on the landlord. On the whole it may be said that the ostensible demands of the agitators are principally used to disguise their real object. An arbitration to be held as often as a tenant left his farm, or on every proposed increase of rent, would be ruinous to all but the largest landowners. There is no need of such a process if the grounds of compensation are properly defined; but in many districts improvements properly so called are made wholly at the expense of the landlord, to be exhausted by the tenant. The shameless proposal that arbitrators should be appointed by the tenant-farmers as represented by the Poor Law Guardians illustrates the spirit and the motives of the Alliance. It now seems probable that the Government Compensation Bill, which had been postponed to the attack on the Corporation of London, will be the first, and perhaps the last, important measure of the Session. Its provisions will show whether the Government is for its own purposes well advised in disclosing the price for which it proposes to purchase the votes of the county constituencies. The landowners will perhaps be disposed to accept a reasonable compromise; and, when the question is settled, the farmers will have strong reasons for resuming their old antagonism to Liberal policy. The schemes of legislation for the land which are proposed by democratic politicians would indeed be unjust and injurious to owners; but to occupying capitalists they would be destructive. No large tenant-farmer, dependent on the profits of his employment, could afford to sink a large portion of his capital in the purchase of his land; and at the same time he would not willingly held under a small and needy landlord. It is for many reasons certain that large farms and large estates must stand or fall together; for subdivision would not stop at two hundred or three hundred acres. At present it is notorious that the great properties are the best managed.

It is impossible to say whether considerations of this kind contribute to the defeat of the Radical candidate in Mid-Cheshire. According to common belief, farmers are not a far-seeing class, and an immediate benefit would be likely to outweigh in their estimation securities from remote danger. It is nevertheless scarcely possible that they should fail to appreciate the tendency of the most important measure to which the present Ministers and their supporters are pledged. The Ballot transferred the control of the counties from the landlords to the tenants; but the extension of household suffrage to the counties will finally disfranchise the farmers. In the greater number of county constituencies the agricultural labourers will with due organization control the representation; and their employers may be well assured that they will not want the guidance of unscrupulous demagogues. A few years ago the tenantry of Cambridgeshire rejected the regular nominee of the Conservative managers in favour of a resident belonging to the same party, who had distinguished himself by leading their opposition to the demands of the Labourers' Union. Mr. ARCH will be a more formidable agitator than Mr. JAMES

HOWARD when his adherents have the power of returning the majority of the county members. The Labourers' Alliance of the future will borrow from the malcontent farmers of the present day absolute indifference to proprietary right and systematic interference with freedom of contract. A maximum of wages and a minimum of hours of work will be among the immediate demands of the newly dominant class. In due time they will perhaps insist on the compulsory subdivision of land for the purpose of substituting occupiers of small freeholds for opulent tenant-farmers. The retribution which may fall on the promoters of the Farmers' Alliance and their dupes will not compensate disinterested supporters of law and of property for the advance of social and political anarchy; but farmers who seek to rob their landlords will be rightly served. It is impossible to foresee the result of the next election in Mid-Cheshire if it is to take place under the new franchise. In the other alternative there can be little doubt that the farmers who have now voted for Mr. LATHAM will rally round the opponent of the new Reform Bill.

FRANCE.

IF the attempts of the French anarchists to make some show of strength in the streets of Paris could be judged entirely by their intrinsic importance, they might be dismissed with very scanty notice. It might even be argued with some degree of plausibility that they give a positive advantage to the Government. The fleeting Ministries which have lately governed France have never had so good a chance of making their presence in office known to the country. Whatever else Frenchmen may pass over, we may be sure that they will feel no want of interest in the news that the streets of Paris have again been the scene of angry collisions between the authorities and the mob, and that the authorities have been completely victorious. But the real significance of these outbreaks must be looked for in another direction. The question whether they are serious or contemptible will be decided by the influence they exercise on the future administration of Paris. It is the fear lest this influence should have the effect of indefinitely postponing the concession of municipal independence that has made the leaders of the Extreme Left so hostile to these demonstrations. They know that so long as the Paris police is under the control of the State, and Paris is strongly garrisoned by troops under the order of the Minister of War, it is the Cabinet and the Chamber, and not the Municipal Council, that will in the end be masters of the city. The danger they foresee is that the scenes of last Sunday and the previous Friday may strengthen the Cabinet in its determination not to yield anything more to the Municipal Council. At the same time, it is easy to conceive the arguments by which an opposite conclusion would be supported. The situation is not very unlike the situation in Ireland at this moment, and the reasoning of the Extreme Left will bear a family likeness to that used by Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE. The Parisians, like the Irish, say that they have a remediable grievance to complain of. They are denied the measure of local self-government which properly belongs to them. So long as they are left to chafe under this injustice they are naturally bad subjects; but, if once they have their fair share of liberty, they will find ample employment in the management of their own affairs. It is further contended that the position of Paris among the other municipalities is altogether anomalous. The smallest among the 37,000 communes of France is free to elect its own mayor, and to be protected, if it wants protection, by its own policeman. Paris alone sees herself governed by one Prefect and protected by another, and knows that both are appointed by the Government. Until now the Chamber of Deputies has not been convinced by either of these arguments. It has not been tempted to try the experiment of soothing the Parisian mob by remedial legislation or shocked by the anomaly that municipalities existing under different conditions should need to be administered by different methods. But it is impossible to say with certainty how this hardness of heart may be affected by these manifestations of discontent. It might naturally be expected that they would only show the unfitness of the Parisians for any more self-government than they have already. But the deputies of the Extreme

Left can hardly afford to quarrel with the Parisians; and they may fear that, if they do not contrive to regain their hold over the mob, such a quarrel will become inevitable. They may thus come to pay all the more attention to what will be called the reasonable proposals of the municipality in order to prevent it from casting in its lot with those who urge it to make unreasonable proposals. But if the reasonable proposals of the Municipal Council are conceded, only time and a favourable opportunity will be needed to restore the Commune. What can be more reasonable than that the Municipal Council of Paris should elect its own mayor, and that the police of Paris should be responsible to the mayor and not to a prefect with whom the Municipal Council has nothing to do? It is no easy matter for a party which is always proclaiming the greatness and excellence of Paris to say persistently that all this greatness and excellence does not qualify her citizens for even that amount of self-government which is enjoyed by the humblest village. The deputies of the Extreme Left at all events will not say this, and the day may come, and come very shortly, when the Deputies of the Extreme Left may hold the fate of the Cabinet in their hands.

It may be objected that this cannot happen so long as the feeling of France is as conservative as on this point, at all events, it undoubtedly is. It must be borne in mind, however, that so far as the Chamber of Deputies goes this conservative feeling is very little to be trusted. An English Ministry, however much its Radicalism may be disliked by the Conservative Opposition, can always count on their support if it has to resort to measures of repression. There is no similar certainty in the case of a French Ministry. The actual complicity of the Right in the recent disturbances is a silly invention; but the members of the Right do not deny that they regard the disturbances with sincere pleasure. To them it is only an instance of thieves falling out, and their one feeling in the matter is that now is the time when honest men may hope to come by their own. From their point of view there is nothing to be urged against this attitude. The Right are convinced that as between M. FERRY and the leader of a street riot the difference is all in favour of the latter. The leader of a street riot is not really dangerous; M. FERRY is. The leader of a street riot attacks order and public security, and in France order and public security are too dear to the great body of the people not to ensure their being defended so soon as the object of the assault is clearly made out. But M. FERRY attacks institutions which, though they are essential to order and public security, are not known to be so by the peasants, and consequently may be attacked with comparative impunity. Nothing, therefore, would give the Right greater pleasure than to see M. FERRY reduced to making terms, if not with the Paris mob, at least with the Deputies, who represent a body of electors composed of very much the same elements as those which go to the making of a Paris mob. What they would feel about M. FERRY they would feel about any Minister who is likely to succeed M. FERRY, and their persistence in this attitude may hereafter have an important influence on the Parliamentary relations between the Cabinet and the Extreme Left.

According to a rumour which is apparently believed by the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, though it has already received a semi-official denial, M. GRÉVY is meditating resignation. Among the reasons suggested for this step is his distaste to Radical measures. It seems scarcely probable that an emotion which has hitherto been so well under control should now suddenly threaten to burst its bounds. If M. GRÉVY dislikes Radical measures too much to sign his name any longer at the foot of the decrees which give effect to them, why has he never on any single occasion made an effort to resist them? There was a time when even his favourite politician, M. DE FREYCINET, was in bad odour with the majority on account of his supposed tenderness for the religious orders. He was then Prime Minister, and it depended upon the President of the Republic whether he, or those of his colleagues who differed from him, should be asked to resign. The consent of the Senate to a dissolution could, in all probability, have been had without much difficulty, and M. DE FREYCINET, supported by M. GRÉVY, might have appealed to the electors on behalf of a moderate policy with some chance of success. So again in the late Ministerial interregnum there was nothing to prevent M. GRÉVY from choosing a Minister to whom to entrust the conduct of the elections and then

dissolving the Chamber. Whether the country would have answered to the PRESIDENT'S appeal is another question; but when a man has not the courage to make trial of the unknown possibilities which a great position places in his hands, he is not likely to be very sensitive as to the kind of measures to which he gives his formal assent. The greatest surprise which M. GRÉVY could now furnish would be his voluntary retirement from office at any earlier date than that fixed by the Constitution.

MR. ILBERT'S BILL.

THE steady influx of documents and facts in connexion with the proposed extension of the powers of native magistrates in India continues to make entirely against the change. It is slightly ludicrous to find its supporters arguing that it must be awkward for their opponents to discover that Mr. ILBERT'S plan is only the carrying out of an old policy. It is indeed by no means improbable that that plan was accepted by some of its English defenders in complete ignorance of the history of the case. But some at least of its opponents cannot plead guilty to any such ignorance, and have, indeed, based their opposition on the very fact that the new measure is a further extension of a dubious and now dangerous policy. It is very satisfactory to find that Lord RIPON'S defenders are at last aware of facts which Lord RIPON'S critics have known all along, and the legitimate pride of newly-acquired knowledge is a thing to be treated gently. But at the stage which the discussion has now reached it becomes necessary to ask that the supporters of the RIPON-ILBERT project should declare on which horse they intend to win. Hitherto they have mixed up two entirely different, not to say inconsistent, lines of argument. At one moment the Bill is defended as a mere logical carrying out of certain already accepted arrangements and policies. At another it is defended on the plea of the necessity of governing India according to Indian ideas. Each argument is entirely inconclusive. England does not hold India according to Indian ideas, and Englishmen stultify themselves by attempting to behave as if she did. It is not statesmanship to say, in the rather unparliamentary language of a famous controversialist, "Because I was a fool yesterday, I must needs be a fool to-day." These two sentences contain the essence of two completely destructive replies to the arguments for the Bill which have been already stated. But before expanding them an opponent of the Bill has a right to challenge its defenders to adopt a consistent line of defence. So long as they vault from the horse Logical Development to the horse Abstract Justice they may certainly succeed in bewildering spectators who are as ignorant of the facts as by their own account some of themselves have been till recently. But it has been observed that acrobatic feats of this kind, in logic as in other matters, are generally performed in a circle, and do very little to bring an argument to any definite conclusion.

Mr. STANHOPE'S promised motion on the matter will no doubt lead to a discussion of it in Parliament, where it is possible that Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL may reveal the arguments which he so carefully abstained from setting forth in his letter to the *Times*. In the meantime Mr. GLADSTONE'S few words on the subject (difficult as it is to fix the exact signification of Mr. GLADSTONE'S words) hardly seem to indicate a mind so fully made up about it as Lord HARTINGTON'S surprisingly positive "agreement that it is necessary to make the alterations proposed" would imply. The remainder of Lord HARTINGTON'S letter, however, which appears in the Correspondence just published, contains nothing but a bare official summary or restatement of the arguments of the proposers of the scheme, and cannot be said to show intrinsic evidence of any real consideration of the matter on the part of the Home Government. The remainder of the papers are, however, very instructive, not indeed, as they seem to have been to some admirers of Lord RIPON, on points affecting the A B C of Indian law and history, but as to the origin of the proposition itself. That origin appears to have been of a singularly casual and unsystematic kind for a measure which is recommended on the score of system and symmetry. It appears not to have originated with the Government or the Government's responsible advisers at all, but to have been a kind of happy thought on the part of a certain Mr. GUPTA, a native member of the Civil Service. This, of course, would be no argument against the Bill if other

arguments were in its favour. But it is an almost ludicrous comment on both the arguments above noticed—the argument that it is a logical consequence and necessary development of a policy adopted for years, and the argument about doing justice to native sentiments and ideas. It is at least remarkable that the logical development should have been invisible till Mr. GUPTA pointed it out, and that numerous high officials burning to do justice to India should never have thought of this particular injustice until a person concerned jogged their memories. The imbecility (using that word in no offensive sense, but in its proper meaning) of the proposal is indicated not obscurely in this account of its origin; but it appears more strongly in the arguments of its supporters and opponents during the debate in the Legislative Council. The VICEROY himself contended that the proposal would affect only two native magistrates now and only four or five for some years to come, and he in vain endeavoured to anticipate the argument that to make so grave a change in principle for so trifling a result in practice is to the last degree unstatesmanlike. Another defender confessed that if he had thought it likely to be unpopular, he would never have supported it. The Lieutenant-Governor of BENGAL distinctly stated that the measure was entirely unnecessary as far as Bengal is concerned, and the supporters of the Bill did not produce a single instance of actual administrative inconvenience anywhere else. But perhaps the greatest evidence of weakness was in the repeated argument that the Bill was a “tentative measure,” that if introduced now its operations could be “carefully watched,” and so forth. For it is evident that the withdrawal of a privilege of this sort after being once conferred would be a far more unpopular step than the refusal to confer it, and in addition the plea is itself destructive of the two main arguments for the Bill—that from logical development and that from abstract justice. If either of these be admitted, it is dead against “tentative” enlargement of jurisdiction.

The documents and further information, therefore, for which Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and those who think with him so earnestly besought Englishmen to wait before forming a judgment, supply no manner of support to it, but the reverse. They show that its origin was accidental; that the supposed unanimity of official support is incorrect in fact; that that support where given was avowedly not given on account of actual administrative difficulties, but as a matter of mere doctrinaire opinion; that the arguments adduced for it, even by its friends and proposers, are inconclusive and inconsistent; that its unpopularity with Europeans has not been exaggerated; that the improper and dangerous expectations which it is calculated to raise and has raised in the native mind are not delusions; that the disproportion between its probable benefits and its probable evil effects has not been unduly magnified; that the Home Government accepted it, as far as they did accept it, in a routine and somnolent fashion; that the alleged justification by reason of existing native jurisdiction over Europeans in the Presidency towns is void, because of the conditions under which that jurisdiction is exercised. The opponents of the measure in England have assuredly no reason to be dissatisfied with this result of waiting for documents, and those of them who are acquainted with the facts await further documents and further discussion with the certainty that they will result in further confirmation of their views. For those views are founded, first, on knowledge of the actual circumstances, and secondly, and still more strongly, on a consideration of the actual tenure of English rule in India—a consideration against which no documents can possibly prevail, even were any likely to be forthcoming which might be adverse to it. It has been admitted from the beginning (indeed it has been independently argued without any need for admission) that the direct results of the change are likely to be small, that the fears of Europeans in regard to immediate personal inconvenience are very probably exaggerated, that things have been already done of which this thing, scholastically speaking, is a consequence. The supporters of Lord RIPON and Mr. ILBERT are welcome to these admissions. There remains on the other side all the weight of the facts and the decided balance of impartial authority. To estimate the inclination of that balance it is only necessary to compare Sir ARTHUR HOBBHOUSE'S defence in the *Pall Mall Gazette* with Mr. Justice STEPHEN'S attack in the *Times*. But beyond and above this there remains the simple consideration,

which with any Englishman who has attained the age of reason ought to be final, that the English tenure of India rests solely on privilege and the strong hand. The preamble of Mr. ILBERT'S Bill, if the old fashion of preambles were retained, could only begin by declaring privilege and the strong hand to be invalid titles.

THE ARMY.

LORD HARTINGTON moved the Army Estimates on Monday in the plain and straightforward manner which belongs to him. He had a double apology for having nothing very new to tell the House. He has not been long at the War Office, and when he went there last December he found the energies alike of the permanent and of the political officials exhausted by the Egyptian War and the Autumn Session. The most important question dealt with in his speech is the means of getting the full number of infantry recruits. Last year only 15,279 men were added to the infantry, against 19,175 added in the previous year. That is a very serious falling off, and the explanation which Lord HARTINGTON gives of it does not tend to make it less serious. Last year, he says, was a peculiar one. Trade was better; the standard of age was raised from eighteen to nineteen; the mobilization of the Reserves left many places vacant in civil employments; and the suspension of the rule under which a certain number of men pass every year from the colours to the Reserve deprived the army of its best advertisement. What all this comes to is simply this—that the army is too unpopular a career to stand competition with any other. Trade may have been better last year than it was the year before; but the improvement was not at all marked, nor were the wages paid to the workmen at all abnormally high. The standard of age was raised not because recruits came in too quickly, but because nineteen was believed to be the earliest point at which it is ordinarily possible to get men of the kind we want, and the men it excludes are for the most part men of whom we may be thankfully rid. The war in Egypt must have been at least as much of an advertisement as the annual return of men to the Reserve. It is probable that one cause at least of the diminished number of recruits is the light which the Egyptian War has thrown upon the position of men in the Reserve. The idea which men originally had of the Reserve must have been greatly changed by this fresh indication that it is likely to be frequently called out. Any attraction that short service has depends upon service in the Reserve being little more than service in name. At least, in proportion as it is more than this, the distinction between short service and long service becomes obscured. If the Reserve, for example, were mobilized every summer, that distinction would practically disappear. No doubt we are a long way from such a demand as this; but, on the other hand, we are still farther off from a state of things in which the mobilization of the Reserve is only resorted to in times of real national emergency. There has been nothing deserving the name of a national emergency since the introduction of short service, yet the Reserve has twice been called out; and a young man who is weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the army as a career for the years between nineteen and twenty-six will, if he is wise, attach a good deal of importance to the amount of risk he runs of having to serve with the colours for some portion of the years between twenty-six and thirty-one.

There is no doubt, Lord HARTINGTON says, that the decision to raise the lowest standard of age for recruits was the main cause of the falling off in their number in 1882. This can only be said by condescending to something very like a misuse of terms. A recruit does not mean anything on two legs that can be induced to enter the army; it means a man capable of being made a useful soldier so soon as he has undergone the necessary training. The evils of enlisting boys of eighteen have been set out again and again, and there seemed reason to hope that when Mr. CHILDERS raised the age to nineteen it was intended to mark the permanent limit below which recruits would not be taken. With this limit it seemed possible to arrive at some assurance as to the sufficiency of the terms offered. If the numbers were maintained, it would prove that the pay and other inducements were enough for the purpose; if they fell away, it

would prove that the pay and other inducements were not enough for the purpose. The rule in question has now been in operation for one year, and it has already served to show that if we want to fill the army with really useful staff we must pay a higher price for it. Thereupon the Government decide to go back to a modified version of the system which was got rid of last year. It is not proposed, Lord HARTINGTON says, to resort to a lower standard of age altogether, but greater discretion is to be given to medical officers with regard to the age at which a recruit is taken. But these officers already possess all the discretion that can usefully be vested in them. They may now take recruits under nineteen, provided that they have "the physical equivalent of nineteen." In future, therefore, they will be allowed to take boys who have neither the age nor the strength that has been insisted on for one solitary year. The rule by which medical officers are to guide themselves is no longer anything precise and ascertainable; it is simply their impression that a boy may be made a useful soldier by and by, though he cannot be made one at the time of enlistment.

The significance of this change is further shown by Lord HARTINGTON's warning that "if this measure should not succeed, it will become necessary to consider whether we should not go back to the age of eighteen." That, he added, is a step which he would be very unwilling to take "unless the necessity for it is most clearly proved." But how can the necessity for enlisting immature soldiers be clearly proved? What is shown by the falling off in the number of recruits is not that the standard is too high, but that the terms offered are too low. The standard must be decided by medical considerations, with which the number of men offering themselves for enlistment has nothing to do. Lord HARTINGTON speaks as though the terms at present offered to infantry soldiers were immutable. If they will give us the right sort of recruits, so much the better; if they will not give us the right sort of recruits, so much the worse. But, either way, the sort of recruits they do give us are the sort with which we must put up. This seems to us the worst possible policy, not merely from the point of view of efficiency, but from that of economy also. The English army has many good points; but it is certainly not a cheap army, and one reason why it is not cheap is that we are not particular enough about the quality of our material. As we showed the other day from the testimony of Sir LINTON SIMMONS, the waste which is constantly going on in the army is out of all proportion to any drain to which it is necessarily exposed; and among the reasons which explain that waste the first place must be given to the fact that it is not worth a man's while to stay. It is fair to say that last year this waste was greatly reduced, but then alongside of this reduction comes a falling off in the number of recruits, so that what is gained in one direction is lost in another. Lord HARTINGTON says that the age between 18 and 19 "is an age in which many young men have not decided on their permanent and future employment," and no doubt that is true. But this consideration is only important on the assumption that men will not adopt the army as a career except when no other offers itself. That is not an assumption which it is either expedient or necessary to make until we have tried the simple experiment of putting the army on a level with other careers. At present it is not on a level with any career whatever, for the agricultural labourer in most parts of the country may look forward to making more than 15s. a week without the drawback of having to find a new kind of employment seven or eight years later. In Lord HARTINGTON's opinion, the spectacle of a man coming home with 18l. reserved pay in his pocket is a considerable inducement to other men to enlist. At all events it is not an inducement strong enough to give us the right men in the right numbers; and when we remember how soon 18l. goes when a man is looking about for work, and has no weekly earnings coming in, it is not wonderful that it should not be so. If the 18l. became 50l. it would be a sum large enough not merely to keep a man while he is looking for work, but to start him when he has found work. In this way it would constitute a real advertisement of the career which at five or six-and-twenty gave a man this solid advantage over the companions who had preferred to remain in civil life. Yet this sum, and more than this sum, might be had by every man on leaving the colours for the Reserve, at a cost which would only raise

the total pay of the infantry soldier to 17s. 3d. a week. Is this a sum which it is beyond the power of the English nation to pay to the men who form the backbone of its voluntary army?

THE NAVY.

AMONG the many traditions which have lately been dismissed as out of date must be reckoned the doctrine that the English navy ought to be a match for the navies of all Europe combined. It was held and taught no longer ago than 1878, by no less a person than Mr. GLADSTONE; but the complacency with which he remains at the head of a Government which is content with a navy that is not a match for that of our nearest neighbour does not permit us to doubt that he has since abandoned it. There is no need to enter into the vexed question whether the French navy is a little inferior to the English or as nearly as possible equal to it. The fact that there is room for such a discussion establishes all that we seek to prove. If the English navy were greatly, or even indisputably, superior to the French, no such controversy could have arisen; and there would have been still less occasion for it if the English navy were superior, not to one navy only, but to all. According to Sir THOMAS BRASSEY, England has 20 armoured sea-going ships of the newest type, against 16 possessed by France, and as many more possessed by the four other Great Powers. If the notion of a Franco-German coalition be put aside as too improbable—forgetting that history is little else than a record of similar improbabilities—England might still find her match as regards armoured ships of the first class in one of two ways. France and Italy combined, or the German Powers, Italy, and Russia combined, would give precisely the same number of this class of vessels as we have ourselves, and neither coalition can be regarded as in any sense out of the question.

It is not necessary, however, to suppose a coalition of any kind in order to furnish serious cause for uneasiness as to our naval position. The fact that France alone has 16 armoured ships of the first class against only 20 English ships of the same type is quite enough for this purpose. The comparative strength of two navies must be estimated not merely by the number of ships that each possesses, but by the proportion that exists in each case between the number of ships and the work they have to do. From this point of view, 16 French ships may be taken as equivalent to more than double the number of English ships. The demands that would be made on the English navy in the course of a great war would be almost infinite. Over and above the primary need of coast defence, in itself so unapproachable in its magnitude, there are at least three of enormous importance—the protection of the English Empire, of English commerce, and of the English food supply. We might of course leave the first of these great interests to shift for itself, and say that unless our outlying dominions chose to maintain a navy strong enough to resist a great Power, they must be content to accept occupation or conquest. But it is plain that such an admission as this could only be made at the cost of a permanent loss of the dominions thus left to their fate. England once engaged in a great war must depend for the means of meeting it on the maintenance of her commerce, and the maintenance of her commerce would in its turn depend upon the degree of protection afforded it by her ships of war. If her whole navy were engaged in guarding either her own shores or those of her dependencies, her mercantile marine would be a prey to the enemy's cruisers. How much is summed up in these words may be gathered from the injury which the *Alabama* was able to inflict on the commerce of the United States. Besides these risks there is the question, more vital in some respects than any other, the possibility of a diminished food supply. No doubt, under the Declaration of Paris food could come to us in foreign bottoms. But it is still to be seen whether, under the tremendous temptation which the prospect of starving England into surrender would present to a belligerent, even the Declaration of Paris would be long regarded. If it were, we might live, though with the transfer of all our carrying trade to neutral Powers; if it were not, we should have to face very serious discontent at home in addition to disaster abroad.

These are not insufficient grounds for being dis-

satisfied with the present condition of the navy, and when they are reviewed in the light of Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's statement on moving the Navy Estimates, their gravity is greatly increased. The one object of the new SECRETARY of the ADMIRALTY seems to be the wholly unnecessary one of disclaiming anything "startling or ambitious." We wish that the Admiralty programmes would occasionally show some trace of these characteristics, since until they do nothing like an adequate increase in our maritime strength can possibly be looked for. On Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's showing, indeed, the navy is all that can be desired, or rather it will become all that can be desired so soon as the "moderate addition" which the Admiralty ask for has been spent upon it. But he prudently abstains from giving either facts or figures in support of his contention. "We have been invited," he cries, "by writers of great authority to 'open up a new era of great naval expenditure. We are not disposed to follow that advice.'" But the writers of great authority to whom Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN refers have done much more than invite the Government to open up a new era of great naval expenditure; they have proved beyond the possibility of denial that without an era of naval expenditure there can be no such thing as an era of naval security. In this respect the speeches of ex-Ministers are usually quite as unsatisfactory as the speeches of Ministers. Those who make them are usually divided between the recollection that when they were in office they were as anxious as their successors have since proved themselves to keep down the Estimates, and the fear that if they preach a large expenditure it will be used to mar their chance of coming into office again. Mr. SMITH's generalities on Thursday were as sound as usual. "Heavier duties," he reminds us, "are imposed on our navy than on any other, and it is therefore impossible for us to be content with anything less than a 'preponderating force.'" It is when he comes to particulars that he breaks down. He does not "ask the Government to embark on any considerable naval expenditure." But unless the Government embark on some considerable naval expenditure, the preponderating force of which Mr. SMITH speaks can never be hoped for. If indeed other maritime nations would allow us first to come up with and then to go beyond them, Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's "moderate addition" might in time answer every purpose. But there is not the slightest chance of their doing this. On the contrary, every Great Power is entering more and more into competition with us at sea, and France, in particular, will in a very short time be actually ahead of us. The need of looking forward where the navy is concerned is far greater than it is with regard to the army. An army can to some extent be improvised; a navy nowadays can only be got together after long preparation. It takes from three to seven years to build an iron-clad, and modern wars go at a pace which would bring them to an end before there had been time to make any considerable addition to our naval strength. "I," says a character in Miss THACKERAY's *Old Kensington*, "shall marry on anything I may happen to have"; and to all appearance England will have to go into a great naval war with anything she may happen to have in the way of ships. This seems a satisfactory prospect to officials and ex-officials; and, unfortunately, the country is quite content to take its estimate of future dangers and the preparations necessary to meet them from official and ex-official lips.

MR. JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

THOUGH the life of Mr. Green had long hung upon a thread, his friends could never bring themselves to believe that this winter would really be his last. He had been threatened so often, and had so often rallied and recovered, his vitality was so great and persistent, that it was natural to hope that he would even live long, like many famous men of letters whose existence has been a protracted disease. Weakness combined with tenacity of life, feverishness associated with prolonged activity, are common in the history of students. The frame which was feeble in youth, and often menaced by sickness in manhood, has frequently become stronger as years went on, and has enjoyed an old age free from its former enemies. Such a later manhood and age was hoped for, even against hope, in the case of Mr. Green, but a winter of unusual severity in the South has put a period to the mortal activity of that brilliant and invincible spirit. Mr. Green never enjoyed any great physical vigour, and his indomitable courage and spiritual vitality, his sensitive heart, his eagerness to know and to teach, combined with ill health to wear him out prematurely, and close

his life long before his work was done. Yet, dying on the threshold of middle age, he had done much work in many fields, and had won the warmest liking of friends of every rank and condition. Scholars and artisans, women and children, regarded him with equal affection, and he will be as much regretted in the East End of London, where he had worked untiringly, as in the Universities, in society, and in the homes of country students.

Mr. Green's early career did not give the usual promise of literary success. He was educated at Magdalen College School, in Oxford, a school which has produced more cricketers and oarsmen than distinguished scholars. Mr. Green never had any athletic ambition, and he was just as careless of academic honours. It was desirable that he should gain a scholarship, if he meant to remain at Oxford after his school days were over. Somewhat unfortunately, he stood for a scholarship at Jesus, which was then almost exclusively a Welsh college, and by no means renowned for eminence in the Schools. The scholarship Mr. Green obtained, but he did not feel encouraged to read for honours. In his time modern history (even then his favourite study) was mixed up with Law in the Schools, and perhaps he did not feel much attracted by law. At all events, like other and even more distinguished men—like Gibbon, and Shelley, and Mr. Tennyson—he contented himself with living his own life, and reading for his own instruction and entertainment. He wrote a few newspaper articles on a topic which always interested him greatly—the history of Oxford. He got an ordinary pass degree, took orders, and went to London, where he worked very hard in an East-End parish. It was characteristic of Mr. Green that he not only edified his parishioners, not only expended on them his time and his professional income, but endeavoured to amuse them by organizing entertainments. The life of the poor at the East End is sad, self-centred, and monotonous. It is a weary round of tasks and of petty and wearing cares. To relieve the burden of such an existence something is needed besides help in money and sympathy, besides advice and friendship and instruction. People need to be taken out of themselves, and made to forget the difficulty of paying the rent, and securing a Sunday meal, and getting boots for the children. Mr. Green understood this, and contrived as best he might to entertain and amuse the people to whom he devoted himself and all he had.

No struggle can be more severe and absorbing than that of an East-End parson who understands his duty in this way. But Mr. Green was the reverse of an ascetic, and he never ceased to be a scholar. Somehow he found time, as he alone could have done, to work at English history in the original authorities. He saw a great deal of the life of the people in this modern England which is so far from merry, and he determined to write the history of the people as it had been in the traditional "merry England." But it does not appear from his famous book that there was ever much mirth in the life of the English people. Meanwhile Mr. Green was writing for the press, and especially for the *Saturday Review*. Some of his articles were on historical subjects, "chips" from an English workshop; others, more numerous, were social sketches, reflections of his brilliant talk and kindly cynicism, with its "pleasant Amontillado flavour." Many of these studies have been republished (by Messrs. Macmillan) in a volume of social and historical essays. While he was thus busy with literature, with history, and with his ceaseless parochial work, Mr. Green found time for society, and increased the number of friends, in whose memory he will always live as the best and kindest and most diverting of companions. His talk was delightful, his memory great, and every anecdote, adventure, or experience which passed through his mind came out a better thing and more brilliant. This style of conversation was not precisely historical, but it was distinctly picturesque and amusing.

When his health was already seriously threatened, if not undermined, by parochial work, Mr. Green became Librarian at Lambeth, and had now a better opportunity than before of prosecuting his designs in history. His physician had warned him that his life was not likely to be long, and he devoted all his energies to his *Short History of the English People*. In this, as in everything else, he spared no toil, writing and rewriting his copy, and even recasting it after most of the work was set up. The book was received at first with almost unanimous praise, and had, and keeps, an unprecedented popular success. This was due to the novelty of the scheme, to the unflagging vivacity of the narrative, and to the pictorial manner—itsself the natural result of an imagination which beheld the events of the past in a series of pictures. The discovery has lately been made that history ought to be dull. This was not, of course, the opinion of Livy, for example, whose well-known work has stood the test of time, and who is always a picturesque and imaginative historian. Dulness and dreariness are commonly accompanied by a plentiful lack of terseness, and herein both Thucydides and Tacitus must be admitted to have failed, and by no means come up to the standard of scientific stupidity. Mr. Green, like these famous though deplorably interesting ancient models, wrote with brevity, for his topic was enormous in extent; he also wrote with picturesque vigour and in an imaginative style. No doubt if he read about a battle in the English Chronicle, he did not content himself with reproducing the bare statement of the Chronicler. He beheld the scene in his fancy, he saw the short swords glitter and heard the crashing of the linden shields, and beheld the subsequent massacre and the incidents of the flight. Perhaps he made too much of the massacre; certainly he represented our English ancestors as

extremely thoroughgoing persons, who "made siccar" like Kirkpatrick in the case of the Red Comyn. Many of us are not inclined to believe in the practical extirpation of the Celtic and other early races of Britain by the English invaders. "The Piets fought with darts and spears, and the Saxons with broad-swords and axes; but the Piets could not bear that burden, and sought for safety in flight." "The Welsh fled from the English as from fire," and doubtless many lived, if not to fight, at least to labour as slaves "another day." A minute examination of the *Short History* proved that it was not exempt from errors, some of them (and these the most insisted on) being obviously errors of the press. Mr. Green had not, naturally, the same amount of special knowledge in every chapter of the great book of the chronicles of England. About Scotch affairs, and generally about English history after the Reformation, he was less well equipped than in the lore of the earlier times, when documents, if more crumbed, are less numerous. But his book was one which contained quantities of matter left out by graver and more austere writers. He had devoted more attention than any of his predecessors to "the condition of England question" in remote ages. He knew how the people had lived under the Plantagenets and the House of Lancaster, and before the Norman Conquest, and this part of his tale especially he told with a vigour of language and of imaginative representation which made his book the delight of many readers who had previously confined their studies to novels from the circulating library. This was the real success of his book. It brought an unknown and unknowing public to the study of English history. It made the life of our country in the past at least as attractive as the flirtations of an imaginary heroine in the present. The book is one which a reader finds it difficult to lay down. A very eminent Christian and excellent man has confessed that when he began to read a chapter in the Bible he used to look anxiously to the end to see whether he was embarked in a long task or in a short one. In this grudging spirit most people who are not strictly speaking students have been apt to read history. They have done it as a duty, for the improvement of their minds, but the task has not been very palatable. Mr. Green's History has been read in a very different mood; it has been read with delight and laid down with reluctance. As much may be said for the works of Macaulay and of Mr. Froude. But their books did not "tell all the story," as people say. Mr. Green's began at the beginning, went through all the adventures, and ended at a period when it was easy to know "what became of them all" and what was the conclusion of the whole matter. The book never flags in interest—one might almost say in excitement. It is not a history for schools, though even schoolboys, who rarely read, might read it with pleasure in the holidays. It is not a book for grave reference on minute matters of fact, or of high authority to be quoted in scientific discussion. It is almost as much a story as a history, but it remains a work unique in character, and for most readers in attraction.

Mr. Green's death cut short his labours at the later volumes of a more severe piece of work, *The Making of England*; though it may be hoped that at least one volume, in addition to those which have already appeared, is sufficiently advanced for publication. But the *Short History*, written under so many difficulties unknown to the endowed and leisurely student, will remain Mr. Green's most important contribution to literature. If it teaches experts little, it puts all the world in the way of being able to appreciate the labours of experts. But his books are, after all, only evidence of one part of his versatile activity. The rest remains in the memory of his friends and of the poor. His example, too, endures as an encouragement to all who are tempted to give up the battle, to sink in hypochondria, or husband in idleness a few years of invalid life. He never yielded a jot to these hopes and fears of the valetudinarian; he did his best work when he was weak, and died working to the end.

"THE STUFF OF MARTYRS."

IN a very interesting book just published—the Free-trade speeches of Mr. Charles Villiers—perhaps the most interesting passage is a remark which Mr. Villiers made all but forty years ago to an anti-Corn Law meeting at Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Gladstone was then President of the Board of Trade, and he had given in the House of Commons a solemn pledge to live and die with the sliding scale. "He would stick to it to the utmost of his power for the rest of his days." The interest of this incident by no means consists in the fact that Mr. Gladstone's vows to his beloved were such as Jove kindly smiles at when they are broken. Mr. Gladstone did not stick to the sliding scale for the rest of his days; very far from it. But the number of other deserted ones who wait for him among what Landor calls the "Stygian set" is so large that this particular act of Don Juanism could hardly be considered of itself remarkable. It is made so by Mr. Villiers's very curious observation thereon, in commiserating those partisans of Protection who were made happy by Mr. Gladstone's protestations. "On what ground," said Mr. Villiers on the 3rd of July, 1844, "the pledge of the President of the Board of Trade found such favour in their sight I do not know, for as far as my experience goes this young statesman is not exactly made of the stuff of which martyrs are composed, and clinging to the scale through life certainly savours of martyrdom."

We are not going (though the inquiry would not be uninterest-

ing to the political antiquary) to rake up and examine the ancient pieces of evidence which probably induced Mr. Villiers to pronounce this very interesting verdict on Mr. Gladstone. There was very good cause for it, but it is more interesting in the application than in the proof. No two people agree exactly in characterizing Mr. Gladstone or in assigning the motive and central spring of his complicated and eccentric political gyrations. But it is worth asking whether Mr. Villiers has perhaps not supplied a key which will fit the wards at least as well as another. Of course there are different senses of martyrdom. We all know reported cases of martyrs who have rejoiced in the rack, and have been altogether too much for it, although

From Bilbilis the tempered steel was brought,

as with St. Catherine of Alexandria. One man's martyrdom is another man's political delight. To some people, for instance, a tolerably painless extinction, especially in the odour of sanctity, would be decidedly preferable to living as the father of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, since he has undertaken the office of Ministerial joker. A son who bids for a laugh by saying that his father "has looked after the interests of the Tories by abolishing the Malt-tax" on the very same day that the farmers of Cheshire proved the gruesome literalness of his words, is, at the very least, equivalent to a well-manufactured and well-populated hair shirt. But it is evidently not of this kind of martyrdom that Mr. Villiers spoke. Again, it would be to some people nearly as bad as any iron crown and bed of steel to have twice in the course of a few days to break through the honourable tradition of Governments innumerable by refusing the challenge of the acknowledged leaders of Opposition on important points of policy. But Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly is of the stuff of which this kind of martyr and confessor is made. To be the darling of the Particular Baptists is not nice; and the precious balms of others besides his Nonconformist admirers are frequently of a character to break any head but an uncommonly thick one. The most malicious of his opponents did not envy Mr. Gladstone the quarters-of-an-hour which he must have passed when Mr. Forster first revealed the mystery of the Kilmainham iniquity; and when Mr. Bright made his speech of resignation about Alexandria; and when the picture was drawn on the other night of a Government, headed by the universal friend of the oppressed, looking on while Boer filibusters murder and rob the tribes whom England is generally, if not specifically, bound to protect. But nature or long habit has made Mr. Gladstone proof against these ordeals. He may be in a certain sense said to be not the stuff of which martyrs are made in regard to them, because he apparently suffers no martyrdom. He is *indocilis pati*; invulnerable except on the side of his temper, which undoubtedly is not quite that of a thoroughly accomplished martyr. But neither was this, there is no doubt, the sense in which Mr. Villiers spoke. He referred, it is clear, to another peculiarity with which the singular tolerance and the singular imperviousness just noticed are no doubt closely connected, but from which they slightly differ, being in fact results of it.

Mr. Villiers's insinuation, it must be tolerably evident, is that Mr. Gladstone was a man who was not likely to let himself be handicapped by pledges, or prevented from coming first to the post by a weak-minded determination to go round all the flags. When the sliding scale became inconvenient, the sliding scale would be *plantée là*. That was Mr. Villiers's opinion, which has turned out to be a pretty correct one. We have seen a good many Donna Annas and Donna Elviras succeed that antiquated and shortlived mistress in Mr. Gladstone's affections, and Mr. Villiers's predictions have been fulfilled in each case. The last of them is the right-of-natives-of-foreign-countries-not-to-be-made-the-subject-of-"atrocities," and the fate of this poor creature is hardly decided yet. Mr. Gladstone appears to have at least meditated pleading (as in the case of her predecessor the right-of-nations-to-decide-on-their-own-government) something like the ingenious plea by which bored husbands have sometimes tried to get rid of their brides. The ladies had been wrongly described; they ought to have been called the right-of-nations-to-govern-themselves-contrary-to-Lord-Beaconsfield's-convenience, and similarly in the other case. Opposed to this agreeable infidelity is the martyrdom of which Mr. Villiers spoke, the martyrdom of cleaving to an expressed pledge, a declared conviction, an announced principle, whether it seems likely to lead to Downing Street or not, even if cleaving to it seems likely to exclude from Downing Street for a very considerable period. This is the kind of martyrdom, the kind of bearing of testimony at personal inconvenience, of which Mr. Villiers thought Mr. Gladstone incapable forty years ago. It must be admitted that Mr. Villiers "knows himself in men." There has not been a happier example of the science of divining character, the science which, like other sciences, explains the past and predicts the future, during all the long and busy years which have passed since that July day in the theatre in Bow Street. The theatre is gone, the sliding scale is gone, but this neat little character of Mr. Gladstone remains.

It would be unphilosophical, however, and therefore unworthy of a text so extremely philosophical as Mr. Villiers's, to leave it with a merely personal and individual application. The example of profitable eschewing of political martyrdom is interesting, full, and not likely to be soon surpassed. But, after all, a slight wonder may remain in the unsophisticated mind that it should have been so profitable. They used to call those early Christians who eschewed

martyrdom in a somewhat similar fashion *traditores*, with a strictly literal meaning, because they handed over the sacred books, vessels, and such like matters to the Pagans for destruction. But it is not recorded that the *traditores*, though they escaped martyrdom, and sometimes got comfortable appointments, were in very good odour even with the Pagans themselves. How, it may be asked, does it happen that, as may be seen every week, persons of undoubted respectability indulge in the most extravagant laudations of Mr. Gladstone, who never had a principle that he has not given up, or undertook to bear testimony without proving that, as Mr. Villiers remarked, he was not of the stuff of martyrs. Such a question cannot be settled offhand; but several conjectural solutions may be offered. One is that the *maître en titre* is rarely much troubled by the known infidelity of her lover. It is too flattering to her vanity to have won him from the forlorn sliding-scales and Irish Churches of the past to leave time to think of the uncomfortable chance of being even as they. Besides, the pledge-breaker is always and of his nature a considerable pledge-maker. To go back to our martyrologies, it is quite common to find that the most edifying and valiant protestations were made by those for whom the first sight of the beasts or the *equuleus* was quite enough. But an ambitious person might perhaps find the reason of the popularity of a man of whom another (afterwards to be found side by side with him) could speak so contemptuously and so truly in an odd and not amiable peculiarity of the time. We seem to be given up just now to the worship of political success. In the seventeenth century, when gaming was most fashionable, the finest gentlemen cheated, were known to cheat, and were quite respectfully spoken of for their victories simply because they were victorious. In the nineteenth it seems to be the same with politics. When we have a general election, the best judges tell us that the result of the first day or two telegraphed over the country has an influence over the later elections quite independent of local causes, general political sympathies, or anything except the desire of a large portion of the new electorate to be on the winning side. It may be seen quite gravely advanced against some politicians that in questions of domestic or foreign policy years ago the side they favoured was not in the wrong, but unsuccessful. A political sage the other day gave counsel to a young man starting in life that he should join the Radicals, not in the least because the Radicals were in the right (indeed it appeared from the sage's printed remarks that he rather thought them pernicious humbugs), but because Democracy was, as he supposed, on the winning hand just now. Prominent political leaders, speaking on important occasions, urge certain measures, not because they have anything to say for them in themselves, but because they are the only way, or the best way, or the easiest way, to keep a certain party in power. Now it is evident that when persons, or classes, or parties are in this temper they are not likely to be on the lookout for leaders with the stuff of martyrdom in them, or to look askance at others in whom it has been deliberately and truthfully pronounced that that stuff is not. They want the man who will get the biggest battalions together by putting his principles in his pocket and "permeating" at one moment, by throwing them over bodily at another, by taking the "not" out of his commandments and putting it into his creed at a third. "What have I to say to my promise, sir?" said the Honourable Algernon Deuceace; "why that I don't intend to keep my promise." This indeed was not said about a sliding-scale (though, by the way, it was said very nearly at the same time), nor about affording facilities for an inquiry into the Kilmainham Treaty; but it enunciates a principle which appears to be widely recognized in politics just now, and which in Mr. Villiers's ever-memorable words may be said to be equivalent to a confession on the part of those who made it that they are "not of the stuff of martyrs."

LYING AND EQUIVOCATION.

EVERY ONE knows that what Cardinal Newman somewhere calls the "noble science of casuistry" has got a bad name with the world, from its being supposed to systematize and sanction duplicity; and this evil repute has specially attached—at least since the appearance of Pascal's *Provincial Letters*—to the Jesuit casuists, so that the terms "Jesuitical" and "casuistical" have acquired in common parlance the sense of shuffling, dishonest, false. It is not our present purpose to inquire how far, as applied to one particular school of theologians, this charge is well founded; that there was some ground for the indignant denunciations of Pascal few impartial critics would venture to deny. But at the same time the subject is not so simple a one as might at first sight appear. Casuistry is a science which has had Protestant as well as Roman Catholic professors, and the late Dr. Whewell at one time held the Chair of Casuistry at Cambridge. What is more, almost every one is obliged now and then, whether he likes it or not, and whether he is consciously acting on a theory, or, as he would perhaps say, on common sense, to practise casuistry; men in official positions, such as politicians, doctors, clergymen, lawyers, and the like, are frequently obliged to practise it. We turned then with some curiosity and interest, both on general grounds, and on account of the popular imputations on their Order, to the opening article in the current number of the *Month*, the organ of the English Jesuits, on "The Catholic Doctrine of Lying and Equivocation," by the Rev. J. Rickaby, who describes himself as "Pro-

fessor of Ethics at the Seminary, Stonyhurst." Moreover Stonyhurst is or used to be designated "The Catholic Eton," as being the chief training-place of the Anglo-Roman aristocracy, and we felt curious to see what manner of instruction the ingenuous youth of that community received on the subject. But before we speak of Mr. Rickaby's article, it may be well to say something on the general bearings of the question, and here we can hardly do better than refer to the lucid—and, let us add, characteristically straightforward—treatment of it in Dr. Newman's *Apologia*. He begins by reminding his readers of a fact we have already adverted to, but which is apt to be forgotten, that "almost all authors, Catholic and Protestant, admit that, when a just cause is present, there is some kind or other of verbal misleading, which is not sin." These kinds may be roughly divided into lying and equivocation, which again have their subdivisions; and some theorists prefer the former, some the latter. Silence may often be virtually a lie, according to the proverb, "Silence gives consent." But many writers defend direct assertion of untruth in certain cases as not lying in any culpable sense, just as "Killing is no murder" in self-defence or in the execution of justice. It has been argued again that "veracity is a kind of justice," and hence that there is no sin in saying what is untrue to children, madmen, and others who have no claim to hear the truth and would be injured by knowing it; or, to take another aspect of the same idea, that veracity is a duty owed to society, and society would be injured, not benefited, if no allowance were made for exceptions in following the rule. Those who condemn all direct saying of the thing that is not justify equivocation for sufficient cause, because we are then using words in a received sense, though not in the sense understood, or meant to be understood by our hearers. Others, who scruple at this, seek to draw a distinction, which however it is very difficult to define, between equivocation and evasion, which last every one in fact practises without hesitation and without censure from time to time, and, as Dr. Newman observes, "the greatest school of evasion is the House of Commons, and necessarily so, from the nature of the case, and the hustings is another." There is finally the "unscientific," and, to speak freely, wholly inconsistent and indefensible view, which however is common enough among Englishmen, who are wont to be impatient of theory, and to think everything can be measured by the rule of thumb. And that is, to say that of course all lying and equivocation is very wrong, but still there are cases when a man cannot help telling a lie, and would not be a man if he did not tell it, and must hope the sin will be forgiven, but the less he thinks about the matter before or after the better. In short he is guilty, but he is (informally) recommended to do it again, if the like occasion should arise. This view or negation of a view will obviously not bear discussion.

Of the various theories enumerated above it seems that the Greek Fathers generally were in favour of the lawfulness of telling a direct untruth—as distinct from equivocation—for sufficient cause, as e.g. in self-defence, out of charity, zeal for God's honour, and the like. And on this point the great English writers on ethics follow and often go somewhat beyond them, considering it lawful e.g. to defend one's moral rights against impertinent curiosity by an untruth. Thus Jeremy Taylor says: "To tell a lie for charity, to save a man's life, hath not only been done at all times, but commended by great and wise and good men." Milton speaks still more strongly, asking "What man in his senses would deny that these are those whom we have the best ground for considering that we ought to deceive,—as boys, madmen, the sick, the intoxicated, enemies, men in error, thieves?" And he goes on to argue that no lie which does not injure one's neighbour is a violation of the ninth commandment. Paley observes, with his usual terse incisiveness, that "there are falsehoods which are not lies, that is, which are not criminal." Dr. Johnson is less philosophical, but equally decided: "The general rule is, that truth should never be violated: there must, however, be exceptions: if for instance a murderer should ask you which way a man is gone." Sir Walter Scott illustrated the view common among English moralists, that an impertinent question need not have a true reply, by his habitual denial for many years of the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*. On the other hand the great body of Latin divines (there are some distinguished exceptions) have followed the lead of St. Augustine in maintaining that all untruths are lies, and are therefore never allowable, but they have been compelled to supplement this otherwise impracticable theory by sanctioning equivocation. Cardinal Newman's own judgment is in favour of what may be called the English, rather than the Latin, view, though he would strictly limit it; and, for a reason to be mentioned presently, we think he is clearly in the right. After premising that he sees no objection to allowing a misleading "silence" in certain cases, he adds that the same principle appears to apply to untruths, though he doubts if he could ever, when it came to the point, bring himself to act on the principle; but he would like to "oblige society, that is, its great men, its lawyers, its divines, its literature, publicly to acknowledge as such those instances of untruth which are not lies, as for instance untruths in war," and thus the practical difficulty would be simplified for individuals. Equivocation, without presuming to condemn it in others, he "admits as little as the rest of his countrymen." "I can fancy myself thinking it allowable in extreme cases for me to lie, but never to equivocate"; evasion however is sometimes perfectly allowable—albeit "a good deal of moral danger is attached to its use"—as in the story of the Prime Minister, who was asked,

"What news, my Lord, from France?" and replied "I don't know, I have not read the papers." The true ethical distinction between lying and equivocation, in cases where a concealment of truth is allowed to be legitimate or imperative, we take to be this—that the former has no necessary tendency to foster a false or insincere habit of mind, and the latter has. "There is a truth in Luther's saying, *Pecca fortiter*, when spoken of material acts." Cardinal Newman however would limit and guard this permissive lying very rigidly. He objects *e.g.* to telling lies to children—a common and most pernicious habit—because "they are sharper than we think, and our example will be a very bad training for them." As to secrets which one is bound from one's position to guard, as a confessor those of his penitent or a lawyer those of his client, "supposing I was driven up into a corner, I should have a right to say an untruth," but as to confidences of an ordinary and unprofessional kind, which one was not bound originally to accept, he thinks the question a more difficult one. A great man in his day at Oxford used to insist that, if he was entrusted by a friend with the secret of his being the writer of a certain book, and was questioned by a third person, it was not only allowable but an obvious duty to reply that he did not know; "he had a duty towards the author, he had none towards his inquirer." We have heard ourselves of the case of a young lady who, on being cross-questioned—very improperly no doubt—as to the authorship of an anonymous book which was really written by her aunt, replied, "My aunt particularly desires it to be understood that she is not the author." No objection certainly can be taken to this reply on the score of veracity, but it may be doubted how far it would serve its purpose in throwing her questioner off the scent; in point of fact it did not do so.

And now it is time to say a word of Mr. Rickaby's treatment of the problem, which is, as might be expected from a Jesuit divine, much more technical in form than Cardinal Newman's—from which however nearly the whole of its substance appears to be derived—but not to our apprehension so lucid or so satisfactory. His opening statement that "the Catholic doctrine condemns absolutely and under all circumstances all lying and all equivocation," but—it is immediately added—does not condemn "all mental reservation," indicates at starting the sort of treatment we are to expect, and prepares us for the further distinction at once drawn between "pure" and "broad" mental reservation, the former of which is always wrong, the latter sometimes right. A broad mental reservation, as far as we understand Mr. Rickaby, means one where the double meaning is "indicated externally," corresponding to what Cardinal Newman calls an equivocation where words are used "in a received sense," though not the sense conveyed or intended to be conveyed to the hearer. We are next treated to a fourfold division of secrets into "natural secrets," concerning our own private affairs; "secrets of promise," confided to us by friends; "secrets of trust," committed, say, to a lawyer or a surgeon in his professional capacity; and "supernatural secrets," revealed to a priest in confession, which are "absolutely inviolable." Natural secrets, under which may be included telling a sick man what would be dangerous for him to know, and secrets of promise we must guard—if necessary by "broad mental reservation"—from all inquiries other than official. Secrets of trust are to be guarded even against official investigation, except when danger might accrue to a third person or to the community from our silence; and therefore, "if Father Garnet had known of the Gunpowder Plot under a secret of trust, and not under the seal of confession, he ought certainly either to have turned the conspirators from their purposes or, failing this, to have given information to the Government." But, where no such perilous consequences are involved, questions must be answered "secrets apart," that is out of our "communicable," not our "incommunicable," knowledge. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand indeed "the value of the qualification comes to zero," for there are no secrets to be kept, but there are circumstances where it comes into play:—

On my way to Paris, I come across a garrulous Frenchman, who pesters me with politics when I want to sleep. I conclude there are no political secrets in that man's brain: if there are, he has no business to be so free with his tongue. But as I show a resolute unwillingness to talk politics, the reserve of *secrets apart* has an appreciable value in the *yes's* and *no's* which he contrives to wring out of me: how does he know that he has not to do with a confidential diplomatic agent? This at least he ought to know, that a man who is honoured with the confidence of the Government, will not part with it to the first puppy who sets upon him to worry him, but will either hold his peace, or when that cannot be, will return an answer for which his interrogator shall be none the wiser. In other words, he will answer out of his communicable, and not out of his incommunicable knowledge. The qualification, *secrets apart*, should be borne in mind by persons who are in the habit of asking indiscreet and unwarrantable questions.

Mental reservation, the writer is careful to insist, can only be permitted when we are driven into a corner by captious questions about a matter which we have good reason and right to keep secret. And his ground for preferring in these exceptional cases equivocation—as the word is commonly understood—to lying, appears to be that truthfulness is not merely a duty owed by man to man, but a duty to God. "Holiness must mean truthfulness in man, for it means truthfulness in God," and therefore "no one can speak otherwise than as he thinks without marring the attribute of holiness in himself." Be it so; but, as the essence of truthfulness or untruthfulness consists, not in the form of words used, but in the intention to deceive or not to deceive, a man who equivocates in order to deceive is just as much speaking otherwise than as he thinks, as

one who tells a direct untruth. It seems that according to St. Thomas Aquinas "a lie is a sin, not merely for the damage done thereby to a neighbour, but for its own inordinateness," and "it is not lawful to use any unlawful inordinateness to hinder the harm and prejudice of others." But why is an equivocation—or, as Mr. Rickaby calls it, "a broad mental reservation"—less "inordinate," or in plain English, less untruthful, than a downright lie? It is difficult to understand why the circumstances which would excuse or justify the one would not equally excuse or justify the other. We are told indeed that "circumstances must outwardly suggest the reservation to a prudent listener." But if this merely means that circumstances must suggest to him our resolve to keep our own counsel without blabbing, we might as well say so at once and put an end to the conversation; if it means that circumstances must suggest to him the very truth which it is our object, and *ex hypothesi* our laudable and legitimate object, to conceal, the whole motive for equivocation or reservation of any kind is at an end, and the secret virtually divulged. What we have termed the Latin, and what Mr. Rickaby is pleased to term the Catholic, doctrine of equivocation has a *prima facie* appearance of greater scrupulosity about truth than what Cardinal Newman calls the English view, which he himself adopts. But inasmuch as it is admitted on all hands that there are certain cases, however they are precisely to be limited and defined, where it is lawful or even a duty to use language to conceal our thoughts, the only question concerns the best method of carrying out this design, whether by downright "lying" or by "equivocation"—in other words whether by direct or indirect falsehood. And to our apprehension there is no paradox in maintaining that "there lives more truth in honest" lying than in the most ingenious and subtle devices for paltering with words in a double sense. A man of high principle may think lying under certain circumstances justifiable, and therefore in one sense not really lying, but he is in no danger of contracting a habit of mendacity. But a practice of equivocation, once encouraged, under whatever conditions, has an inevitable tendency to become habitual; *crescit indulgens sibi*. And as Cardinal Newman very justly remarks, "the cleverer a man is, the more likely he is to pass the line of Christian duty" in this matter. The very ingenuity required for applying the principle acts at once as an intellectual stimulant and a moral opiate. We agree with him therefore that the doctrine of Jeremy Taylor and Johnson and Paley, if in words a bolder, is in fact a sounder and a safer one than what is dignified with the lofty title of "the Catholic doctrine" by the Jesuit professor of Stonyhurst.

OFFENBACH AND M. HALÉVY.

A PROPOS of M. Ludovic Halévy's new novel, *Criquette*, "Un Vieux Parisien," whose amusing articles we have before now had occasion to notice, contributes to the *Figaro* a curious and interesting account of M. Halévy's early career. The account is one which may at once serve to encourage aspiring authors and to impress upon them the value and need of patience and hard practice. It was not at one blow, as will be seen, that the author of *Madame et Monsieur Cardinal* and of so many delightful stage successes arrived at his present ease and brilliancy. It will soon be thirty years, the "Old Parisian" tells us, since M. Ludovic Halévy was attached to the Home Office (the great Dumas, it may be remembered, held some far smaller Government post when he wrote *Henri III.*), and engaged himself in writing a piece which was a kind of "Romance of the Home Office" and which was called *La Fille d'un Médecin*. This he produced while on an official tour in the provinces with his chief, M. Villemain; and on their return to Paris M. Halévy at once sent his piece in to Alphonse Royer, then director of the Odéon. Royer wrote back to him:—"This is not the sort of piece for the Odéon; it would go capitally at the Gymnase." M. Halévy then sent the piece to Montigny, director of the Gymnase. Montigny wrote back, "This is not the sort of piece for the Gymnase; it would go capitally at the Odéon." The young author might, says the "Old Parisian," have gone on to send the piece to the Vaudeville, whence it would have been sent back with a recommendation to the Odéon and the Gymnase; but, instead of doing this, he put it in a drawer, where it has remained ever since. He then set himself to work to write a short romance, called *Le Petit Bossu de Nizerelles*, which he sent to a newspaper and got for answer, "This is too short for a novel." He sent it to another paper and got for answer, "This is too long for a story." M. Halévy put the MS. into the drawer which already held *La Fille d'un Médecin*. He felt somewhat discouraged; the first steps in a dramatic and literary career seemed to him hard; and his father, a man of great talent, did not conceal from him that it was difficult to get a footing. One day as he was sitting in his room at the office the door opened and there came in Offenbach, whom M. Halévy knew by sight as conductor of the orchestra which then existed at the Théâtre Français. When Rachel did not play—and she seldom played—the theatre was almost empty, and M. Halévy and his companions had plenty of tickets at their disposal. Here the "Old Parisian" makes a digression to institute a curious comparison between the state of things then and now. This was in 1855, and there was a universal outcry at the hopeless decadence of the Français. The critics agreed in crying to the director "Look for popular authors; play new pieces. When you play the old repertory insist on the leading actors appearing in the leading parts. You give us nothing but understudies; the understudies are there to understudy and

not to play. Make money; that is what you have to do. The *Comédie Française* has got to make money." Nowadays there is the same outcry of hopeless decadence, for which, however, slightly different reasons are put forth. Now the critics cry to M. Perrin, "Too many of the pieces you play are put up merely to 'draw'; you make too many successes and they run too long; it is monstrous. When you give the pieces of the old repertory you always put the leading actors into them. We want to see the understudies. Then we shall have the good empty house of old days. The *Théâtre Français* has nothing to do with making money."

Going back from this digression, we find Offenbach waiting for us in M. Halévy's room. Taking the chair offered him, he said, "It seems, sir, that you have a very pretty turn for the drama." M. Halévy, delighted, answered, "Was it Alphonse Royer who told you?" "No." "M. Montigny, then?" "No." "Who, then?" "M. Duponchel." "Ah! unluckily it was I who told him so." Offenbach not the less continued, "I am in a difficulty. In a fortnight I open a little theatre in the *Champs-Élysées*. Lambert Thiboust was to have written me a prologue, but he has no time. Will you do it instead?" M. Halévy accepted with more than enthusiasm. "Capital," said Offenbach; "then the sooner you set to work the better. A little piece with couplets would do, or in fact anything you like to write. By the by, there are a hundred lines here that will have to be put in the middle of the piece—in the place of honour," and he handed a roll of MS. to the young author. "A hundred lines?" "Yes; Méry wrote them for me. He was to have written the prologue in the first instance; he began it, and he wrote these hundred lines to be spoken by La Fontaine—the La Fontaine of the fables. One of your characters will have to be La Fontaine. You don't mind that?" "Not in the least." M. Halévy's dream had come true; and to ensure a work of his being put on the stage he would have put Semiramis, Charlemagne, Robert-Macaire, any one that Offenbach liked, into the prologue. "When Méry came to the prose," Offenbach continued, "he got out of humour with it; he writes more easily in verse. Then I went to Lambert Thiboust for the prose and the couplets. You take Thiboust's place." "Very good." "Ah, by the by," Offenbach said again, "Thiboust did write the words for a *rondeau* and I have set it to music. You can get that into the prologue? After all, it will save you some trouble in writing." "By all means," replied M. Halévy, who, however, began to reflect that in his first piece there would be mighty little of his own writing. Offenbach continued: "This *rondeau* has to be sung by Bilboquet, Bilboquet of the *Saltimbanques*, you know. Bilboquet is the second character in your prologue." "Very good. Bilboquet by all means. Why not?" "As for the third—ah! perhaps I didn't explain to you that I can only play three-character pieces." "Then," said M. Halévy, "there remains only one character for me to find?" Offenbach smiled and said, "Only one for you to find? Well—you see—the fact is—I'll tell you. Mlle. Macé will play La Fontaine; a capital country actor whom I have engaged (his name is Pradeau) will play Bilboquet; and as for the third character—well, you must bring in a very clever pantomimist named Derudder, who belongs to the company; you will give him a non-speaking part. Derudder is inimitable in *Punchinello*; you can easily write him a *Punchinello* part?" The unhappy M. Halévy felt overwhelmed; there was only one part left for him to make, and that a dumb one, a *Punchinello*! and at a theatre in the *Champs-Élysées*! He felt as if he were going to write for Punch and Judy.

He accepted, however. One accepts, says the "Old Parisian" with sententious wisdom, "anything and everything when one wants to get a footing." His prologue was played at the opening of the *Bouffes-Parisiens*, on the 6th of July, 1855. It was called *Entre Mesieurs, Mesdames*; but it is of no use to ask for it at Calmann-Lévy's, for it was never printed. M. Halévy put no name to this remarkable prologue, but once he had felt his way to the stage, he began to write a *Saynette* once a month for the *Bouffes-Parisiens*, under the name of Jules Servières. In November he was admitted to the Society of Dramatic Authors, and his chronicler tells us that not long ago M. Halévy, turning over the old books of this Society, of which he is now Vice-President, came upon the *procès-verbal* of his admission. In December, at the opening of the *Bouffes-Parisiens* in its new home in the *Passage Choiseul*, *Ba-Ta-Clan*, by MM. Halévy and Offenbach, was given as the principal piece. The piece succeeded, and the next day Offenbach, with the author's permission, substituted the name of Ludovic Halévy for that of Jules Servières. This was New Year's Day, and the young author spent part of it in wandering about Paris to see his name writ large on the advertisements. "How often since then," says the "Old Parisian," "has the same name been seen in theatrical announcements! Dramatic authorship is at a premium in these days, when the writing of plays has become one of the highest forms of literary work. Yet M. Halévy has left the wings for the study, the play for the novel. He is partly an observer of life who has grown sick of the stage; but the storyteller is also partly a writer of comedy who one day, sooner or later, will infallibly come back to the boards." Let us hope that the "Old Parisian's" prophecy may be as true as his articles are entertaining, and that M. Halévy's new novel may be followed by a new play.

MINISTERS AD LIB.

THE country is advancing rapidly towards the ideal state of things in which every man will have his Inspector, and every group of Inspectors will have their Minister. The once popular belief that industries flourished in exact proportion to the skill and application of the men engaged in them, and that the best way to help them was to let them well alone, has been nearly entirely exploded. Now we know better. It is not the master's eye which is now credited with the power to make the corn grow. The virtue is seen to dwell in the Government Inspector taking his notes. Commerce used to be supposed most particularly capable of taking care of itself. Now it has to confess its want of a guiding hand, and calls for a Minister. It is ready to share that officer with agriculture, probably from a well-grounded conviction that it had better not ask for too much at once. The farmers, having tried everything else, are now persuaded that nothing but a Secretary of State can bring good harvests. The belief would have appeared curious to their grandfathers. They had a lively confidence in the power of Government to make them prosperous; but it took a rather more practical form. Heavy duties on foreign corn might be bad for the consumer; but they certainly put money into the farmer's pocket and into the pocket of his landlord. It is to be supposed that the new remedy is credited with the power to do as much; but how it is to work is not as yet apparent. Farmers who are suffering from wet seasons and merchants or manufacturers who are pinched by foreign tariffs must be in the state of mind of the men who are proverbially ready to clutch at straws if they think that the establishment of yet another official gentleman in an office near Whitehall can make things much better for them. And the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture will only be one of many new officials if all the proposals now being made are carried out. It is suggested that we should have a Minister of Education and another of Justice. No explanation has yet been given as to how the new Ministers are to facilitate the despatch of business. Unless they develop powers which are not possessed by the heads of existing departments, their subordinates will simply go on taking the same kind of notes and drawing up the same kind of statistics that are supplied in such abundance at present, with the not very vital difference that they will do their work under other names. The new Ministers would, like the old, be only able to do just as much as the conditions under which work has to be performed in the House of Commons allow them to do. If more is not done at present, it is not for want of officials qualified to put their shoulders to the wheel. The blame of the failure rests between the leaders of the House and the members. Ministers arrange public business badly, and members are far too fond of talking and of asking useless questions. When they do get a private members' night they generally avail themselves of the opportunity to enjoy the fun of a count out. It shows an almost infantile belief in the virtue of names to think that either Ministers or members will change their skins because a few new titles have been created. The exact value of the steps which the Government is going to take to satisfy the people who wish for a Minister of Commerce and Agriculture cannot, of course, be judged till we get the statement promised by Mr. Gladstone on Monday last. Meanwhile it is a tolerably safe prophecy that not much will be done beyond rearranging some existing departments in a new way and making further additions to the constantly increasing army of Government officials. The numerous persons who in one way or another are interested in competitive examinations have every reason to be satisfied with the prospect. In addition to the Ministers who are to revive languishing industry and reform the administration there would be others to look after each part of the country in particular, beginning with Scotland, and proceeding in due course to Wales, England north of the Tyne, and so forth.

It is only in the natural order of things that when schemes of this kind are being suggested Scotland should be early in the field; which does not mean that its desire for a Secretary of State is even within a measurable distance of being reasonable. It would not be safe to estimate too modestly what Scotchmen would consider a proper amount of attention to their affairs. The national prayer to be endowed with a just idea of their own importance has been amply answered. And yet it certainly does not appear to be proved that Scotland suffers from a want of attention. It is generally believed that when the Scotch members make up their minds to carry a Scotch measure, they have their way. Almost the only Bills not having reference to Ireland which escaped shipwreck last year were Scotch, and if Scotchmen want anything during this Session, they will certainly have at least as good a chance as anybody else to get it. The purely local measures which they desire to carry cannot be many, and a Minister could give them no particular assistance. As far as their interests are identical with those of the rest of the country, there seems no reason why they should have a preference. Scotland is doubtless the most meritorious part of Great Britain, but it has contrived to attain to that honourable position without a Minister, and can reasonably hope to keep it without official help. In point of fact, however, the Scotch Secretary of State is not asked for because he is needed to do any work which cannot be done without him. The Edinburgh Town Council did quite right to recommend their request to Mr. Gladstone by inserting in their memorial generalities about the efficient conduct of affairs. They know that these words sound

well; but, if they were called upon to show in what respects public business would profit by the creation of a new Ministry, they would be at a loss for reasons. Their real reason is one that does not look well in matters of business. Scotchmen are no more able than other and less wise people to jump off their own shadow; and their patriotism, which is a very wholesome and respectable sentiment, is apt to degenerate into fussy vanity. The same feeling which makes the words "English army" or "Queen of England" grate on a Scotch ear is at the bottom of this demand for a special Minister. Worthy and not especially pedantic Scotchmen can be wrought into a state of pugnacious irritation by a judicious use of these titles. They are always ready to correct the mistake by pointing out that it is the British army, and Her Majesty is Queen of Great Britain. They are haunted with a fear that the ancient Kingdom of Scotland is being swallowed up by her old enemy of England. The most patriotic of Scots has no wish, for obvious reasons, for an effectual separation between the two countries; but he would like to have something done in a public, solemn, and unmistakable way to show that Scotland stands where she did. Now the appointment of a Secretary of State would do that in a particularly acceptable manner. It would be dignified, would not cost Scotland anything to speak of, and would secure the presence of a Scotchman in the Cabinet.

If the creation of a Secretaryship of State for Scotland could have no effect beyond indulging a little harmless national vanity, that would still be no reason for complicating the machinery of government by adding to it a useless official. But it could scarcely fail to have more serious consequences than that. At the present time it is particularly necessary to do nothing which could be made to look like a concession to the party which is openly trying to bring about a disruption of the Empire; and the formation of a Scotch Ministry would certainly be interpreted in that sense. It would be useless to say that it was only intended to facilitate the doing of purely local work which has always been done in a less efficient manner. No such explanation would be accepted as valid. The new Minister would be looked upon as an outward and visible sign of the Government's belief that one part of the kingdom might have general interests differing from the rest; and if we once enter on that road, we shall find it hard to stop at the making of an ornamental Scotch Secretary of State. The other new Ministers would be at worst useless, or would do the work which is already done by the actual officials under another name. The Ministry of Commerce and Agriculture would be our old friend the Board of Trade with a new face. The Minister of Justice would, in theatrical language, double the part of Lord Chancellor and do part of the work now done by the Home Secretary. The Ministry of Education would be a more dignified form of the Education Department. It is quite conceivable that the rearrangement of offices might be so managed as to simplify the administration of public business by bringing departments at present quite independent of one another under one head. Farmers, merchants, and manufacturers would be no better off than they are now, but they would be no worse. It is certainly scarcely worth while to interfere with a system of administration which is full of theoretic anomalies, but which works efficiently in practice, for the sake of obtaining so small a result. There is nothing in the least respectable in the desire felt by so many would-be legislators in the present day to meddle and interfere merely because they find the work of seeming to reform pleasant. Old titles and offices which lasted through many changes and have adapted themselves to new wants have a value which it is a pity to sacrifice to a mainly priggish liking for the appearance of neatness. But chopping and changing about in existing offices, or even the creation of new Ministries which are to be common to the whole country, are at worst not more than costly follies. The proposal to create a Secretaryship of State for Scotland is distinctly mischievous. Even if it has only a superficial appearance of encouraging schemes of disruption, that is enough to condemn it. If Scotland is really of opinion that its affairs are not sufficiently attended to, it has a very obvious way of securing more importance for its members in the House of Commons. Other constituencies have only to follow the example set them by Midlothian, and elect members who are able to enforce attention by respect for their abilities. The Scotch members are a very worthy and respectable element in the House, but it is not found that Scotch constituencies as a rule are very careful to secure representatives of general eminence. The parish pump has far too sacred a character in their eyes. If they were more careful to pick out men likely to stand high in the House, and less ready to send up merely local celebrities, they would remove what little obstacle there may be to securing proper attention to Scotch affairs.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

IN spite of the trying weather a large concourse of people assembled to witness Thursday's race; but the presence of so many sightseers was probably in part due to the very convenient hour fixed on, as there cannot be much doubt that the general interest taken in "the great aquatic event," as the Oxford and Cambridge match is termed in the graceful phraseology of sporting writers, has of late years somewhat declined, possibly to the deep gratification of all oarsmen. It has more than once seemed evident that those who really cared

for boating and understood rowing disliked the so-called popularity of the race, and witnessed with no pleasure the assemblage each year of an unusually coarse mob on the banks of the Thames; and with this feeling those most concerned in the matter seem to have sympathized. Three years ago, when it had been determined to row the race early in the morning, the crews were earnestly requested to reverse the course and row in the middle of the day, in order that Londoners might be able to attend without having to get up early and without risk from the morning fog; but the only answer given to this touching appeal was a curt refusal to alter the conditions of the race. From an oarsman's point of view there were excellent reasons for not reversing the course, and the crews probably thought that these were all-sufficient, and that they need not in the least trouble themselves about the convenience or inconvenience of mobs from the East or West End of London. On other occasions the crews have appeared to dislike the publicity thrust on them, and this dislike has certainly not been unreasonable. As we have said before, a race between the representatives of the Boat Clubs of two Universities only concerns members of the Universities past or present, and boating men. For the rest of the world it has not really much attraction; and the mass of those who line the banks of the Thames each year come either because the contest gives them an excuse for an idle day, or because it offers them the means of getting through one of many idle days, or from that curious affectation which makes many people go to see sports that do not in the smallest degree interest them. There is not then the slightest reason to deplore the decrease in the number of spectators which had been noticed before the last contest.

Those for whom the race has true attractions, either from old associations or love of rowing, or both, must have greeted with pleasure the appearance of the work respecting University matches which has been so opportunely published. In a very handsome volume called *Record of the University Boat Race, 1829-1880, and of the Commemoration Dinner* (London: Bickers & Son), Mr. Treherne, an old Oxford oar, and Mr. Goldie, the well-known Cambridge stroke, tell very fully of the jubilee, or quasi-jubilee, feast of 1881, and give a good deal of interesting information about crews and an excellent account of the races during the period named, taken from notes by Mr. W. B. Woodgate, published in *Land and Water*. To some readers it may appear that there is a little too much about the dinner, as, with speeches, odes, and correspondence, the record is certainly a very long one; but, though seventy-four pages may seem a large amount for such a subject, the compilers have not laid themselves open to just criticism on this score, as the festival had a peculiar interest distinguishing it altogether from the numerous other feasts at which men eat, drink, and are bored. In many ways it deserved notice, and in one respect it specially deserved notice. It may have been the means of dispelling a singular fallacy which once obtained wide acceptance. For long it was generally thought and said that rowing in races had a bad effect on the constitution of young men, and that University oars were usually short-lived, and frequently died of disease of the heart. Dr. Morgan took extraordinary pains to dispel this view; but a good stout fallacy often survives an elaborate refutation, however thorough. On the other hand, it may be straightway destroyed by a simple concrete fact such as any one can understand in a moment. The jubilee dinner brought to light a very simple fact which, now that it is duly set forth by Messrs. Treherne and Goldie, will dispel for good the absurd idea that pulling in University matches has proved injurious to health. Of the two crews who contended in 1829 eight, including one steerer, were alive in 1880, and were apparently still alive at the time when the record was finished. This fact is not indeed conclusive, as Dr. Morgan's reasoning and statistics are; but it is simple and easily appreciated, and when it becomes widely known it may put an end to the singularly mistaken view which has been held for so long.

Other facts in Messrs. Goldie and Treherne's carefully compiled and exhaustive volume will interest alike oarsmen and all who have pleasant recollections of the river at either University; while perhaps some of the matter in their book may make lay readers wonder not a little at the general excitement which for many years the race has caused, or seemed to cause. A University match has great attractions for those who understand rowing and are versed in all the mysteries of catch at the beginning, sliding, quick recovery, and the rest. To the ordinary spectator the race is, generally speaking, a very dull affair. The result is frequently known with fair certainty beforehand, and soon after the start the superiority of one crew is usually obvious. When half the course has been covered the race is, as a rule, virtually over; and sometimes it is virtually over when considerably less than half the course has been covered. The spectacle commonly witnessed by the enormous crowd of sight-seers who collect below Barnes Bridge is a boat rowing along some distance ahead of another, which evidently is not in the least likely to overtake her. To the unpractised eye neither crew seems to be working very hard. What pleasure it can give people who do not understand rowing to witness this procession it is extremely difficult to understand. How often there is nothing else for a large portion of the spectators to witness may be gathered from Messrs. Treherne and Goldie's book. As it is desirable only to refer to recent rowing, we take the last eight races they describe, and, to complete the decade, add the two which have been rowed since that of 1880, with an account of which their record ends. In 1873, when sliding seats were used for the first time in a University match, Oxford was "never in it," and Cambridge led

all the way. Next year there was a somewhat exciting race, as after Cambridge had led by a length at Hammersmith Bridge, Oxford came up and was actually half a length ahead off Chiswick Church, but the spurt availed nought, as Cambridge drew away and won by three lengths. In 1875 the race was a hollow one, Oxford taking the lead long before Hammersmith Bridge was reached, and winning by half a minute. In the following year the Cambridge crew "rowed well away from first to last, and won by five lengths." In 1877 there was a really exciting race, owing to an accident. After Oxford had established a good lead, bow sprung his oar, and was perforce a passenger for the rest of the journey. The boats came in close together, and the result was given as a dead-heat, but, as need hardly be said, it was very generally thought that Oxford was the winner. In 1878 the Cambridge crew were allowed to lead for half a mile, after which Oxford "went up to them and rowed right away, winning by forty seconds." In 1879 Cambridge took the lead at the beginning, and held it all through. In 1880 there was a good race up to Chiswick, but after that had been passed the Oxford crew drew well away, winning without difficulty. In 1881 the Cambridge crew, which was the weaker one, rowed with great courage, but early in the race it was clear that the Oxford men would win, and at Hammersmith Bridge the struggle was virtually over. Last year it was obvious from the first that Oxford would win with ease. The Cambridge crew got a little ahead at the start, but their antagonists soon came up to them, passed them with small trouble, and were three lengths ahead at Hammersmith Bridge, and a very considerable distance ahead when the gun fired. Out of the ten races, then, which have been rowed since sliding seats have been introduced, one was extremely interesting, while two others were interesting as far as Chiswick. It must be said that the spectators who gather on the upper parts of the course have but a moderate chance of any adequate reward for the very great trouble they take.

This year's race, it is to be feared, afforded the painstaking people who watched it in a snowstorm no spectacle more stirring than usual. In one way, however, it certainly was very remarkable, as the result was, what the result of a University boat-race very rarely is, a surprise. Seldom has skilled opinion changed more rapidly and completely than it did about this contest. First it was said that the Oxford crew, though lighter than the Cambridge men, were greatly superior in style, and that disagreeable thermometer the betting was strongly in favour of Oxford. Then, after the crews had been for a time at Putney, it seemed to be generally thought that the Cambridge eight had greatly improved, and had learnt to use their strength, but that the Oxford crew had not become by any means better, and were perhaps falling off. A sudden change occurred, or appeared to occur, in the thoughtful minds of betting men, and the odds turned from 9 to 4 on Oxford to 3 to 1 on Cambridge—at least such was the change recorded in the papers; and when the boats made their very tardy appearance in the dusk of Thursday's gloomy afternoon the general expectation certainly was that, in spite of the advantage which a calm gave Oxford, the Cambridge crew must certainly win. The result proved that Cambridge never had a chance of winning, and that the prophecies were altogether wrong, as, to use the common expression, from beginning to end they were not in it. A very uneven start gave the Oxford crew an advantage which their stroke immediately utilized with admirable dash and presence of mind. Making his men row forty-two to the minute, he speedily took his boat away from the other, and had it quite clear at Craven Cottage. This, however, did not by any means necessarily portend a victory for Oxford. Very often has the weaker crew led over the first part of the course. On this occasion, however, as it speedily became apparent, the dark blues were not the weaker crew. Their antagonists were at first quite dazed and bewildered by their taking the lead so rapidly, and, about half a mile from the start, were rowing with what must have seemed to the veterans who were looking on an almost impious disregard for form. They settled down after a time, but, even when they became regular, it was obvious that they had small chance of catching the other boat. Under Hammersmith Bridge Oxford was a good two lengths ahead. In the bend of the river and in Corney Reach and the Horse Reach the Cambridge crew, who certainly were not wanting in courage, made some very determined spurts; but the reaction from these, and bad steering, caused them to lose more than they gained, and at Barnes Bridge the lead of the Oxford boat had increased. From the bridge there was the customary procession which seems to give the people who congregate above it so much pleasure, and at the end the Oxford crew seemed still fresh, while the Cambridge men appeared decidedly tired. If, in spite of the unusual pleasure of a snowstorm, there was not much real excitement in the race, there certainly was an amusing, and perhaps unexampled, reversal of prediction; it will long be remembered that in the match of 1883 the crew which was pronounced to be much the stronger were hopelessly beaten from start to finish, and were much more exhausted than their antagonists at the close of the contest.

THE DAMNATION DE FAUST.

ONE cannot help feeling the vain wish that that great and strange genius, Berlioz, could not be present in the flesh to see and hear the triumphs in England, dating some little time back, of the magnificent work, the beauties and grandeur of which

did not in his lifetime avail to make themselves felt. The spectacle of the vast space of the Albert Hall filled with listeners might have gone some way to make up to him for what shortcomings there were in the rendering of the *Damnation de Faust* given on Wednesday evening last. Every repeated presentation of this work is a matter of special interest, both on account of the genius and beauty, the exquisite melody, and the splendid orchestration which belong to it; and also because the more often it is heard the more surely will it become apparent how much Herr Wagner, M. Gounod, and Signor Boito have owed directly to Berlioz, and how much by implication students of what is called the Wagnerian school of music have owed to him. It has been M. Gounod's and Signor Boito's to adopt in a masterly manner the mingling of true melody and dramatic orchestration and the perfection of the *leit-motif* which exists in the *Damnation de Faust*—to mention only that one of Berlioz's works with which we are immediately concerned. It was Wagner's, in his later style at least, to neglect too much the melody at the expense of the descriptive orchestration, although, as we have often had occasion to say, it would be as reasonable to denounce Wagner with the word unmelodious as to talk with the extreme Wagnerians of the "disgusting olla-podrida of Meyerbeer." M. Gounod and Signor Boito suffer nothing in respect of their claim to genius because Berlioz lived and wrote before them and they had the artistic perception to learn and adopt from him. Nor, whatever the extreme Wagnerians may think, would Wagner suffer anything in the same respect if his indebtedness to Berlioz and other great composers were openly acknowledged. It was not Berlioz nor Wagner who invented, to take one instance, the *leit-motif*. It so happened that Berlioz used it before Wagner, and used it in the *Damnation* with an exquisite delicacy and an exquisite dramatic and poetical perception which Wagner never surpassed. Why should not these things be admitted on all hands? Why should all things in modern music be referred to Wagner, as if he had been the only genius of the musical period dating from the Romantic Climax onwards? That Wagner was a genius, a poet, a dramatist, a composer, we have lately had an occasion of admitting, or more than admitting, in the fullest terms. But is Berlioz therefore not a genius? Is Berlioz to be shelved by a certain section of the musical world because Wagner followed him and became great? The whole weight of general opinion is, as is by this time evident enough, directly against any such conclusion; but it seems unfortunate that a certain number of real musicians should be so Wagnerized, to coin a word, that they appear incapable of seeing any creative genius in these later days outside of or beyond Wagner. The very similarity between the careers of the two composers might well lead them to take a broader view, although, unhappily for him, Berlioz did not live as Wagner did to see the complete triumph of the work that at its first hearings was scorned just as "*Non più andrai*" was scorned.

There are many things concerning the *Damnation de Faust* of a strange interest, outside the intense interest which it has as being the one great musical work in which all the passion and tenderness and biting mockery of the Romantic School seemed to concentrate itself; in which Berlioz's own whole nature, all the grandeur, all the fire, all the sweetness, all the withering sarcasm he felt within him, found expression. There is the story of the wonderful Hungarian March introduced into the first part—how Berlioz orchestrated it, as he alone could, for a performance at Buda-Pesth, and a Hungarian musician who had looked over the score came to him and said, "This will not do; you begin this piano, we always begin it fortissimo." "If you will only wait," Berlioz replied, "you will hear a fortissimo which will content you." But the fortissimo never came. The Magyars listened attentively but without enthusiasm to the opening, but when the crescendo was reached a storm of applause burst forth with such fury, the Hungarian hearts were stirred so violently, that there was no more to be said or played. There was the German who regarded the German students' chorus as a serious insult; and there was the other German who, having listened carefully to that extraordinary piece of satiric music the "*Amen*," came to Berlioz afterwards and said, "*Si je vous comprends bien, c'est de l'ironie ça*"; and there is Berlioz's delicious answer and comment upon the thing. The "*Amen*" is such a piece as might have been written, if he had been a composer, by Heine, whose greeting to Berlioz when he came to see the poet in his last illness, "*Quoi! C'est vous, Berlioz—toujours original!*" is a curiously typical illustration of the likeness between the natures of the two men. When one has once begun to speak of Berlioz as a man as well as in the character of a composer, it is a temptation to go on speaking about him; but it is time to say something of the particular performance of the particular work which has suggested these remarks.

There was, as has been said, a vast audience (it is a matter for curious parenthetical speculation how many of the audience knew that the "*Amen*" was satirical, and how many, in spite of the words sung by Mephistopheles, accepted it as a serious piece of solemn composition); and the work was received both with deep attention and real enthusiasm. As to the merits and faults of the rendering, in the first place, the conducting of such a work is of extreme importance. We have had occasion before this to speak of Mr. Hallé's masterly conducting of the *Damnation* at St. James's Hall, and to his method it would be absurd to compare Mr. Barnby's. Mr. Barnby's beat is as true and regular as a metronome; the wildest imagination could not picture him as missing a cue; he knows his music and his band thoroughly, and his style is eminently respectable. It is also eminently unro-

mantic, and eminently unfitted for such a work as he dealt with on Wednesday. He had no fire, no grip of the real meaning of the music. There was, in one sense, not a fault to be found; but it was as if some thoroughly sensible, steady, intelligent person had suddenly tried to ride the whirlwind. There are phrases and passages over and over again in the *Damnation* which should come off like the snap of the electric spark, which under Mr. Barnby came very tardy off, and suggested a word for which we find it difficult to give an adequate English equivalent—*flasque*. As instances of this we may mention the comparatively poor effect produced by the "Ride to the Abyss"—though this may have been in part due to the fact that for so enormous a hall there might have been more both of the orchestra and the chorus—to the want of insight and wit to mark in the second scene of the Second Part the swift change from the fiery dazzling mirth of Mephistopheles to the stupid honest "punchbowl and pipe" jollity of the Germans drinking in Auerbach's cellar, and to the disregard of the strange mockery indicated in the "Dance of Will-o'-the-Wisps," taken too slowly, round Margaret's house. But when one has said that Mr. Barnby is clearly not the conductor for the *Damnation*, it is only fair to add that the *Damnation* is an exceptionally difficult work to conduct. It would be easy enough for an excitable conductor who could not hold himself well in hand to convert the wild beauty, the uprising as it were of the passionate protesting and seeking of the Romantic School which is found in the work, into the hysterical condition to which the music not infrequently approaches; and certainly Mr. Barnby's unflinching steadiness and safety is much to be preferred to such a hysterical outpouring as one may readily imagine. It is said by those who have heard it that M. Lamoureux's rendering of the work comes as near perfection as can be desired, and it may be supposed that Herr Richter, if he cared to take it up, might make a wonderful thing of it. Meanwhile one may look back with a great deal more than contentment upon Mr. Hallé's interpretation. The distribution of the parts was, with one exception, that which was given at the St. James's Hall performance mentioned above. Mr. Lloyd sang Faust with correct intonation and phrasing, and without one scrap of feeling or fire; Mr. Santley repeated his admirable singing of Mephistopheles, the re-writing of the words of which probably puzzles a good many people among his audiences. The singer was at his best in the flea-song, the serenade—probably the very best devil's serenade ever written—and in the music of the last part. Mr. Santley's delivery of the run on the word "moral" just before the serenade might in itself be a liberal education to many young singers. Mr. Pyatt sang Brander steadily, and Mme. Alwina Valleria gave far more dramatic feeling to Margaret than was given when the work was given at St. James's Hall. Her singing was excellent, but she made a mistake to our thinking in dwelling too long on certain notes in the King of Thule song. The orchestra and both the choruses deserve high praise.

In connexion with the reaction in favour of this great work of Berlioz's, and with the new departure in musical taste generally, it is interesting to note the appearance in the *Revue Pédagogique et Littéraire* of a very interesting article on the *Nibelung's Ring* by M. Léon Pillaut. Not very long ago it would have been amazing to find a French critic writing with so much appreciation of Wagner. The whole of the article is worth attention, but we must be content to quote the summing up at the end:—"If we are asked what is the future of this music, and what influence it is to have, we must recognize that it will certainly have great influence musically on instrumentation, in the direction of showing the vast possibilities of modulation. What is more important is perhaps that the subjects dealt with by Wagner may seriously affect the future choice of subjects for the lyric stage. The old form of opera, divided off conventionally, with its ballet in the third act, its love duet in the fourth, and so on, is already in a bad way, and if Wagnerism could rid us of it altogether no great harm would be done. If we could return to more imaginative subjects—subjects more in harmony with the birth of the lyric drama in France—where again would be the harm? The opera was invented to represent works in which dancing, scenery, instrumentation, and singing should join in delighting the mind. For two hundred years and more it lived on legendary subjects, because they alone can admit the joining of all these arts, and can keep up the action of tragedy in imaginary circumstances favourable to musical treatment. Later on the music gradually became merely a vehicle for passion and sentiment; it even ventured, and it must be said with success, upon subjects of almost modern history; but, with some rare exceptions, opera music can never interpret reality. It can transfigure, it can exalt; and these powers ought to be turned to account. But Greek mythology is done with; Scandinavian subjects are not in our line; where then are we to find the subjects of the future? This, we believe, is the problem."

THE DISTRESS AMONGST THE PARIS WORKMEN.

APART from the political influences which may be at work, there is, as there usually is in these cases, an economic cause producing uneasiness and distress amongst the working-men of Paris. Ever since the late Emperor undertook to find employment for the turbulent workmen of the capital, there has been great activity in the building trade in Paris. Since the Empire fell the City has

found itself obliged to carry to completion the works left unfinished under the preceding Government, and the ravages of the Commune rendered necessary still further reconstruction. Moreover, the growth of the city in wealth, population, and trade led as usual to a shifting of population here, to demolitions there, to changes of fashion in this place, and to a demand for better accommodation in that. In addition to all these causes, there was a further cause which gave a great stimulus to the Paris building trade. That trade shared to the full in the speculative mania that ended so disastrously with the collapse of the Union Générale. Deceived by the facility with which France paid the indemnity to Germany, by the high credit in which she stood in Europe, by the rapid growth of wealth, and by the immense sums of idle money that were seeking investment, people thought that there was no end to the resources of the country, and that henceforward Paris would advance even more quickly than she had done before in wealth and prosperity. Accordingly, speculative builders ran up houses in the city, in the suburbs, and in all the neighbourhood round about. The result was an extraordinary rise in wages. M. Leroy-Beaulieu has shown that between 1879 and the beginning of this year there was a rise in the wages paid in the building trade and the trades subsidiary to it ranging from forty to sixty per cent.; and, as a matter of course, this extraordinary rise in wages attracted hosts of workmen, not only from all the French departments, but from Germany, Italy, and Belgium as well. At length however the builders learnt that they had been going too fast. The rise of house rents and the collapse of speculation put a stop to the demand for houses, and they found themselves with a vast number of new houses which they could neither sell nor let. Then they began to slacken their operations, and soon their embarrassments were increased by difficulty in getting fresh loans. The result is that large numbers of workpeople have been thrown out of employment. It is popularly estimated that there are 300,000 men engaged in the building trades and the trades subsidiary to it. Probably this is a great exaggeration. And it is also popularly estimated that at present 100,000 of these workmen are out of employment. This is probably even a greater exaggeration. But M. Leroy-Beaulieu admits that perhaps from 15,000 to 30,000 men are really out of work. The throwing of so large a number of men out of work means of course that a considerable number more are working short time, and also that wages are tending downwards. And this implies very considerable distress, not only amongst the unemployed, but also amongst those who were lately enjoying large incomes, and now find themselves no longer able to maintain their old rate of living.

There was a justification for considerable activity in the Paris building trade, for the late Census shows that between 1876 and 1881 the population of Paris grew at the rate of 46,000 persons a year. This large addition to the population necessarily required new house accommodation. Moreover, as we have said, the rise in the standard of living and the enhanced prosperity of the whole population produced a demand for better accommodation. But, as usually happens, speculation went too fast, and brought about a collapse. Possibly, if the speculation that ended so disastrously with the fall of the Union Générale had lasted somewhat longer, the collapse in the building trade might have been postponed. But, when speculation generally came to an end, the collapse of the building trade was inevitable. During the speculative mania numbers of speculators congregated in Paris, and lived in handsome houses in a luxurious manner. Several of these speculators have been ruined, others are obliged to live more modestly than before, and others again have betaken themselves elsewhere, as there is no longer a field for their peculiar talents in Paris. Moreover, apart from the speculators pure and simple there have been heavy losses among the well-to-do classes. More particularly, the *noblesse* suffered heavily in the failure of the Union Générale. They had turned to finance as a career when politics were closed against them, and as they too generally pinned their faith to M. Bontoux, they lost their fortunes, or at least large parts of them, with the fall of the Union Générale. In consequence, the demand for house accommodation has greatly fallen off, and the builders find that they cannot either let or sell their new houses. Indeed many of the old houses remain unoccupied. Political causes, too, have added to the depression. The Municipal Council, in its Radical fervour, takes little care of the fashionable portions of Paris, and in consequence life in Paris to the fashionable and the wealthy is less pleasant than it used to be. Further, the attacks upon the Church have disgusted and alarmed large numbers of people, who are no longer disposed to reside in Paris; and the resurgence of revolutionary passions has frightened even larger numbers. There has been a considerable transfer of capital from Paris to London going on for some time past, and when men begin to place their money in safety, they are likely to follow themselves. Doubtless, also, the long protracted agricultural depression is at length telling upon the prosperity of Paris. It is one of the most curious economic phenomena of the present time that in a country of peasant proprietors like France, the series of bad seasons and the vine disease have hitherto had so little effect upon the general prosperity. Until the collapse of the Union Générale, it seemed indeed as if the wealth of France was increasing "by leaps and bounds." Everybody appeared to be growing richer day by day, and indeed everybody assumed that he was so, and lived in a corresponding style. The collapse of speculation has opened the eyes of most people to the fact that the imagined prosperity

was unreal; but still even now there is little evidence throughout the country of distress. Yet it cannot be but that so many years of bad harvests and of the ravages of the phylloxera must tell heavily upon the general well-being, and it is to be presumed that these influences have contributed largely to the collapse that has taken place within the last fifteen months.

But the most potent cause of the depression in the Paris building trade is to be found in the difficulties of the *Crédit Foncier*. The *Crédit Foncier*, as our readers are aware, was formed to lend money upon the security of lands and houses, and it obtains the money that it so lends by issuing bonds which it sells in the market. For the past three or four years it has lent very large sums to the speculative builders of Paris. All the great French banks were making advances right and left to their own customers, and the *Crédit Foncier* was only doing what its neighbours did. At the end of 1879 the loans made by the *Crédit Foncier* to its customers amounted to a grand total of 54 millions sterling in round numbers, and these loans exceeded the bonds it had issued and sold only by about 3 millions sterling. At the end of October last the loans it had actually made, or agreed to make, amounted to 97½ millions sterling, while the bonds it had issued were 18 millions sterling less. In other words, the loans made by this institution in three years had increased 43½ millions sterling, or somewhat over 80 per cent.; while, on the other hand, it had been unable to sell its own bonds at anything like the same rate, and actually had lent about 18 millions sterling more than it had been able to borrow in the regular way by the sale of its bonds. It thus incurred a heavy floating debt, and it is obvious that it was necessary to fund this floating debt, or the establishment might be involved in inextricable difficulties. Accordingly, for some time back, the *Crédit Foncier* has been unable to continue its loans to the Paris builders; and, as these had been enabled to carry on their operations only by means of these loans, the difficulties of the *Crédit Foncier* largely account for the depression of the Paris building trade. A little while ago it issued bonds to the nominal amount of 12 millions sterling, which realized however somewhat less than 8 millions sterling; but even this issue left a floating debt of about 10 millions; and though we believe it has been able to sell a considerable amount of other bonds since, there is still a large floating debt, and the *Crédit Foncier* has evidently much reason to be careful in its operations. However, there is little doubt that the difficulties with regard to further lending by the *Crédit Foncier* will be got over, if there is any prospect that the builders themselves can continue their operations. The *Crédit Foncier* is to all intents and purposes a Government institution; and as the Government in France finds it necessary to keep the workpeople in good humour, it will doubtless be able to induce the *Crédit Foncier* to make whatever loans may be requisite. Nor need it be deterred by the fact that the *Crédit Foncier* has found it difficult to sell its bonds to the general public. The Bank of France under Government pressure will no doubt make any advances to the *Crédit Foncier* that may be required in order to enable the latter to accommodate the builders, and after a while, if the present collapse in speculation passes away, and financial confidence returns, the public will take the bonds of the *Crédit Foncier* as they have always done hitherto. The real difficulty is with regard to the builders. If they go on building, and if the houses which they can neither sell nor let accumulate, they will find themselves after awhile in hopeless difficulties, and then the collapse will come in spite of the Government. The Government however may hope that the present want of demand for houses is only temporary, that if once the workpeople are restored to good humour, if anarchical demonstrations end, and if political confidence is restored, financial confidence will likewise return, and that with financial confidence there will be a revival of trade and of speculation. Should this happen, there will again grow up a demand for houses, and the present difficulty will disappear. However this may be, it is certain that the prospect just now for the Paris builders is not pleasant. Whether they obtain the loans they need from the *Crédit Foncier* or not, they can have little hope of selling or letting their new houses for some time to come; and thus their liabilities will accumulate, without any prospect of realizing their assets. But if building is stopped upon a large scale, distress amongst the working classes will increase; and distress amongst the working classes in Paris is too formidable a danger to be faced by any Government if it can be avoided.

REVIEWS.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.*

THE two volumes which have lately appeared of Professor Max Müller's *Sacred Books of the East* give us the concluding part of the *Pahlavi Texts*, by Mr. West, as well as of the *Sacred Laws of the Aryas*, by Herr Bühler. In the first volume of *Pahlavi Texts*, which came out in 1880, Mr. West supplied us with translations of the *Bundahish*, of the *Selections of Zad-spāram*, of the *Bahman Yast*, and the *Shayast la-shayast*. Of these, the first

two may be briefly described as treatises on cosmogony and mythology; the *Bahman Yast* is, for the most part, prophetic; while the *Shayast la-shayast*, as its name imports, specifies actions "proper and improper." In his present volume Mr. West translates for us the works of Manuskihar, high priest of the Mazdayasnians in Fars and Kirman during the latter half of the ninth century A.D. These works consist of the *Dadistan-i-Dinik*—a series of questions and answers on religious duties, customs, and legends—and of certain hortatory epistles addressed by the Pontiff to his younger brother, Zad-spāram, the author of the "Selections" already given in Mr. West's first volume. A peculiarity distinguishing the present texts from all others is "that both the name and station of their author and the time in which he lived are distinctly recorded." We have, therefore, here a trustworthy account of the state of the Zoroastrian religion a thousand years ago; and at the same time we glean many interesting facts about the condition of the Mazda-worshippers in Persia after two centuries and a half of ceaseless struggle against the Moslems.

In the third century of the Hejrah the adherents of the ancient creed evidently formed no insignificant portion of the population of Iran. The great exodus of the Fire-worshippers to the islands in the Persian Gulf, and subsequently to India, had taken place very shortly after the Arab conquest (A.D. 650), and in 720 we find them already in possession of a temple at Sanjan, in Guzerat, in full enjoyment of the favour and protection of the native Rajah. Great numbers of their brethren, however, still continued to dwell in their ancient homes, unmolested in the exercise of their religion, though deprived of political power. When the first rush of conquest had expended itself the Moslem became extremely tolerant. On the payment of a tax, the Magian, the Christian, and the Jew enjoyed full liberty of worship; and, after the accession of the house of Abbas in 750, with the transfer of the capital from Damascus to Bagdad, the highest posts in the Government were held by Persians recently converted to Islam. To the scandal of the orthodox Arab, these New-Moslems naturally favoured their unconverted brethren; while the political disorders of which Bagdad at this period was the focus must have allowed of a rapid amelioration in the condition of those Persians who still kept to the faith of their fathers.

The date of Manuskihar's writings is roughly A.D. 880. At this period the greater part of Persia was in the hands of the insurgent Saffaride general, whose power at one time had threatened Bagdad, and even the person of the Khalif. On the north-eastern frontiers of the Empire, in the land between the two great rivers Oxus and Jaxartes, the Samani Emirs were in possession of authority which for a century to come depended but little on the will of the Commander of the Faithful. Manuskihar, "executive high priest of Pars and Kirman," therefore managed the affairs of his community, taking but little account of the Moslem ruler; and we learn from one of his Epistles that the chiefs of the Mazda-worshippers were even in the habit of maintaining a body of troops for the protection of their followers. The headquarters of the old faith were still in Fars. Istakhri, a contemporary Muhammadan geographer, describing his native province, tells us that the Magians were more numerous in Fars than in any other part, "for here had been the origin of their rule, their religion, and their scriptures." Kirman, to the east, where at the present day the Gueber subjects of the Shah delight to dwell, was then, as now, a great seat of Mazda-worship; in addition Rai (Rhages), to the north, and Sarakhs, in the extreme north-east of Khurasan, not far from Marv, are further mentioned as centres of the faith.

The language used by Manuskihar in his writings is Pahlavi, the dialect of the old Persian Court before the irruption of the Arabs. In the review of Mr. West's first volume which appeared in these columns at the time of its publication, some idea was given of the peculiarities of this idiom, and an attempt was made to explain the nature of the difficulties encountered by scholars in the reading of these texts. That Pahlavi had ceased to be the vernacular we gather from the accounts of Istakhri (before mentioned), who informs us that in his time there were current in Fars "three tongues. Farsi (Persian) is that which they talk—the majority of the people of Fars speak but one language, and they understand each the other; for, though the pronunciation (of individuals) may differ, this acts as no hindrance among the natives. The language in which the Iranian books and the Histories and the Scriptures of the Magians are written is Pahlavi, but for a Persian to understand these a commentary is necessary. Lastly, Arabic is the language of the Sultan's edicts and of the generality of people." It follows, therefore, that Pahlavi even a thousand years ago was not a living language, but it was employed by the Mobeds for their religious writings much as Latin was used by the Roman priesthood during the middle ages as the vehicle of all written communication. For their daily intercourse the Guebers adopted the vernacular of the land in which they sojourned; those who emigrated to India, and became subsequently known as Parsis, speak Guzerati; while such as still make their home in the chief cities of Persia use the modern Irani, affecting, however, archaisms in diction and pronunciation which effectually distinguish them from their Muhammadan compatriots.

The writings of the priest Manuskihar show clearly how little the tenets and religious customs of the Zoroastrians have changed during the last thousand years. Mr. West remarks:—"As far as a European can judge from these writings and his own limited knowledge of existing religious customs among the Parsis, the change has been less than in any other form of religion during the same period." The title *Dadistan-i-dinik*, meaning "religious

* *The Sacred Books of the East*. Edited by F. Max Müller. Vol. XIV. *The Sacred Laws of the Aryas*. Part II. Translated by Georg Bühler. Vol. XVIII. *Pahlavi Texts*. Part II. Translated by E. W. West. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1882.

opinions and decisions," puts before us the nature of the subjects treated in Manuskihar's first works. Though including a wide range in religious doctrines, legends, and duties, it must not be held to give a complete view of the Zoroastrian faith, for we have here merely the explanations of the Pontiff of those matters about which his co-religionists entertained doubts or desired information. The questions treated are extremely miscellaneous in character. We are informed of the causes of creation and the fate of departed souls; the ceremonies to be performed after death are specified and a description is given of the sacred shirt and thread-girdle; we have full details of the causes of the rainbow and of other natural phenomena, also an account of the seven immortal rulers before Zaratusht, of the origin of mankind, of next-of-kin marriages, and many other matters too numerous to detail. In the discussion of these points we cannot fail to note how completely the Mazda-worshippers ignored all the scientific tendencies of the age—an age which might be called that of the Arab revival of learning. Manuskihar lived at a time when, thanks to the fostering care of Harun-ar-Rashid and his sons, the inheritance bequeathed by the Greek astronomers had been already methodized and amplified in the observatories of the Arabs. And yet we find in his sixty-eighth "Reply" of the *Dadistan-i-dinik* that the following is Manuskihar's explanation of the phenomenon of eclipses. The

two dark progeny of the primeval ox move and are made to revolve from far below the sun and moon, and whenever, during the revolution of the celestial sphere, they make one pass below the sun or below the moon, it becomes a covering which is spun over the sun, and it is so when the sun or moon is not seen. Of each of these two progeny of the primeval ox—one of which is called "the head" and the other "the tail"—the motion is specified among astronomers; but in remaining upon those luminaries and producing that covering they do not attain unto those luminaries within that covering.

The *Epistles of Manuskihar*, forming the latter half of Mr. West's volume, are addressed to the brother Zad-sparam, who had instituted various innovations in the ceremonies of purification. This matter was naturally of primary importance to the Mazda-worshipper, who held that the ceremonial uncleanness of a person insufficiently purified after contact with the dead sufficed to contaminate every one with whom he associated. The subject-matter of these letters will doubtless render them but tedious reading to those who do not view it in the light of a burning question; as a polemical writer, however, Manuskihar would hold his own in any age from the judicious manner in which he intermingles argument, entreaty, and threats, displaying at the same time the zeal of the priest and the kindly affection of the brother.

In the appendix Mr. West discusses some matters too long for the notes. Certain Avesta legends are given, and the Nirang-i-Kusti, or "ceremony of tying on the sacred thread-girdle," is described in detail. Then follows a long disquisition on what should be regarded as the true import of the "next-of-kin marriage" so frequently referred to by Pahlavi writers. The subject is not one that need be discussed in these columns, but the Parsi community may certainly be congratulated that this impartial statement of the case has been drawn up by so competent a scholar as Mr. West. In order to elucidate obscure points and allusions occurring in the "Epistles" to the heterodox brother, the appendix concludes with a translation of those portions of the Pahlavi Vendidad which describe the Bareshnum, the great ceremony of purification. In closing the volume we must not fail to express our hearty commendation of the scholarly manner in which the task undertaken by Mr. West has been performed, and, with the present system of transliteration, the original Pahlavi word here frequently appended to its translation will enable the student to verify the correctness of Mr. West's rendering. The general reader also will find full explanation in the notes at the bottom of each page of difficult passages, and of such historical and geographical names as occur in the text.

We must now turn from Pahlavi texts to give some account of Herr Bühler's new volume of *The Sacred Laws of the Aryas*. We have here two ancient codes showing us the intricacies of the social system of the Hindu people, among whom after many centuries the Fire-worshippers were to find the asylum that enabled them to practise their rites unmolested, and to preserve for posterity the remains of their literature. The aphorisms contained in Herr Bühler's last volume are those ascribed to the sages Vasishtha and Baudhayana. The sacred law of the Hindus had its source in the teaching of the Vedic schools, and it is now generally acknowledged that the so-called revealed law-codes are but improved metrical versions of older prose works prepared in the first instance for the benefit of the young Aryan students, to be committed to memory, and to instruct them in their duties. The celebrated Institutes of Manu, as also the collection of Aphorisms with which we are now dealing, should not be regarded as systematic arrangements of precepts and laws in force throughout the country. Ultimately, it is true, these worked their way to acceptance among the entire Hindu community, and, more especially in the case of Manu, secured so high a place in popular estimation as to be regarded with a degree of reverence only second to that accorded to the Veda. Originally, however, these collections of aphorisms merely represented the rules and precepts current among particular schools of the Brahmins which existed in the North-Western region of India.

These law-books enable us to form an exact idea of the influences which directed the early social existence of the Hindus, though it is erroneous to suppose that they contain codes which

had been compiled by ancient sages either for the express purpose of enforcing the caste system or of regulating the details of daily life. According to these law-books the superiority of the Brahman is without doubt the hinge on which the whole social system turns; but the origin of such class distinctions will be found in the differences of race between the early Aryan settlers and the aboriginal inhabitants of India, rather than in artificial barriers set up in after times by the Brahmins in assertion of their own priority of rank. Our word "caste," though modern, is not inappropriate; it is derived from the Portuguese word *casta*, signifying "race," while the word used by Manu and the other law-givers for specifying the four classes is *varna*, "colour," which would seem to suggest a physical distinction marking the dominant race. The growth of the caste system is certainly one of the most remarkable features in the history of Indian civilization. But, to appreciate rightly the completeness of its adoption among the people, we must bear in mind this fundamental difference which distinguishes the religious conception of the Indian mind from that of all other nations. The Hindu, far from holding that in the sight of Heaven all men are equal, firmly believes that the Deity regards men as *unequal*; that, even as he has created varieties of beasts and birds, so has he created distinct kinds of men. The Priest, the Soldier, the Agriculturist, and the Servant, are born and must ever remain distinct one from the other. For a Hindu to break through the rules of caste is for him to commit a sin not only against religion, but also against nature. Caste was something more than a religious institution; the Indian regarded it rather in the light of a divine ordinance forming the natural basis for the fabric of human society. But, although the priests cannot rightly be accused of having invented this system for their own ends, the perusal of the Sutras with which we are now dealing cannot fail to impress us with the fact that the Brahmins, by exaggerating the nature of the rules, secured their own ascendancy, and thus perpetuated an organized system of caste.

There can be little doubt that the sources of the so-called Laws of Manu are to be found in the Sutras or Aphorisms already rendered accessible to Western readers by Herr Bühler. Manu's law-code is generally considered as standing at the head of post-Vedic literature; the Sutras, on the other hand, may in a manner be considered as belonging to the Vedic period, not only from their intimate connexion with Vedic subjects, but also because the language in which they are written still exhibits certain irregularities of the Vedic dialect. Of biographical details concerning either Vasishtha or Baudhayana but little is known. The former is supposed to be identical with the person of that name, one of the most famous Rishis—or inspired sages—of the Rig Veda. Several passages in the Aphorisms confirm the legend which attributes this work to the Rishi Vasishtha, and we may assume that we have here a collection containing the sum of that sage's teaching on the duty of man, whether the composition of the book be ascribed to himself or to one of his pupils. Vasishtha's Aphorisms begin with the enunciation of certain general rules of conduct, and then immediately pass on to the description of the four original castes and the specification of their lawful occupations. We say "original," because it must be borne in mind that of the four classes so carefully specified in these law-books, that of the Brahmins has alone maintained its exclusive character in historic times and down to the present day. The Warrior, the Husbandman, and the Servant, by intermarriages soon obliterated the original distinctions, and ended by forming the innumerable mixed castes of modern India, where each trade becomes a separate subdivision. One of the most curious chapters in Vasishtha is, in fact, that treating of the mixed castes formed through such intermarriages.

It is perhaps natural, since these legal precepts were framed by Brahmins, that the greater portion of the work should be engrossed by special regulations regarding the life of the priests. The priority of rank enjoyed by the Brahman found its support in the authority of the King, who came of the second caste—that of the Warriors. We have consequently in these law-books a short account of the "Duties of a King" and of the organization of the Military Class, but very little notice is taken of the two lower castes in the fourfold social system. A single quotation will show how all were to be considered as subordinate to the Brahmins:—

The three lower castes shall live according to the teaching of the Brahman;
The Brahman shall declare their duties;
And the King shall govern them accordingly;
But a King who rules in accordance with the sacred law may take the sixth part of the wealth of his subjects;
Except from the Brahmins.

Beside the general rules affecting caste, Vasishtha's work contains chapters detailing the ceremonies of purification, the rules of conduct for the four orders (or grades) of the Student, the Householder, the Hermit, and the Ascetic; we are informed of the details of the sacrifice, of the rules for the study of the Veda; and the book closes with various ordinances relating to social intercourse, legal procedure, penances, and gifts.

The Sutras of Baudhayana's school, forming the second half of Herr Bühler's work, are in many respects analogous to the Institutes of the Sacred Law which he translated for us in his first volume; for, like these, they are the work of a teacher of the Black Yagur Veda. In the condition in which these Sutras have come down to us, however, they cannot be considered as free from extensive interpolations added by later hands; but for a full

discussion of their genuineness we must refer to the learned introduction prefixed to this translation. Baudhayana's home would seem to have been some district in Southern India, and his mention of import duties and voyages by sea would lead us to infer that he must have lived near a coast where sea-borne trade flourished. No certain facts, however, have reached us concerning his personal history. It is needless to detail the contents of these *Sutras* of Baudhayana; for, though the order differs, the subjects treated are nearly identical with those we have already mentioned in describing the work of *Vasishtha*. In making his translation Herr Bühler has had many difficulties to overcome both in the settling of his text and in the choice of his commentary; but it has been to no incompetent hand that Professor Max Müller has confided the task. Other MSS. will probably be discovered which may give better readings and allow of better explanations of the many obscure passages in these ancient laws; but in the case of Herr Bühler, as in that of Mr. West, it is at least unlikely that work performed with such conscientious erudition and care will need to be done over again during the present generation of scholars.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.*

EVERYBODY seems agreed that the literary and social history of Queen Anne's reign is one of the few things which still remain to be written; yet nobody undertakes the task. From a social point of view there is, in fact, no period of history which is at once so well known and yet so little known. Everybody who has ever read anything has read the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, Swift and Defoe; a great many have extended their reading, and included Brown, Ward, Luttrell's *Diary*, and even some of the journals and newspapers of the day. We seem to know already the way in which people dressed, ate, drank, and talked; and how they regarded things. From Addison and Steele we have learned the follies, foibles, and fashions of that generation; from Swift we have learned a great deal of the daily household life of the time and have gathered that in what we should call the best society there was found a coarseness of speech and manners which appears incredible until we remember that the picture is certainly a gross exaggeration; and from that unsavoury pair, Ned Ward and Tom Brown, we know all that there is to be known of London life at its lowest and worst. If one were endeavouring to reconstruct that generation, he would go to Addison for a gentleman or a gentlewoman, for a fop, or for a scholar; to Swift for a politician; to Defoe for a tradesman or a cit; and to Ward and Brown for a gambler, a profligate, a drunkard, a coffee-house loungeur, and for rascaldom in general. Yet there is a great deal in the daily life of the time which cannot be learned from these writers, but must be sought in the journals and newspapers. We have to thank Mr. Ashton for taking the trouble to do all this work for us; he has not, it is true, drawn a gallery of pictures, or even a single picture; it is not a tale which he tells us, but it is a dictionary or encyclopedia, sometimes even an inventory, showing how people lived in London when good Queen Anne sat upon the throne. The chief fault which we have to find with the compilation is that too much attention has been paid to Brown and Ward, and that the coarseness of the time, therefore, assumes undue proportions. Suppose, for instance, another Ned Ward, some worthy successor and imitator of that great writer, were to set himself to write a description or commentary upon the baser characteristics of our time. What a frightful picture might be drawn, and without the least exaggeration, of the things which go on daily in our streets; the millions of men who never open their mouths without an oath, and never utter a single noun substantive without prefixing one and the same ugly and meaningless adjective; the shameless vice which hides not its head even at high noon; the Embankment, where men are nightly set upon, robbed, and thrown into the river—just as used to happen in the Fleet ditch; the gambling clubs, the suburban races, the roughs and thieves of this place and that place; the courts in Marylebone, Soho, Whitechapel, into which no decent person may venture by day or night; the music-halls and their senseless, stupid, and mischievous songs; the drinking, and the wife-kicking, and the starvation. Were all these things written down a picture might be produced, true in everything but proportion, which would make the London of Victoria compare not only with the London of Anne, but with the Rome of Nero. In fact, when we think of the dreadful things which have been said of the latter city, and remember what was once said of London, and what might be said to-day of the same town, one is inclined to suspect that the capital of the Roman Empire may have been very unfairly treated. With this exception, Mr. Ashton seems to fail in one respect, and perhaps only in one; he does not bring out, with sufficient clearness, the quiet, sober, and comfortable life of the middle class in their own homes. The materials for restoring this kind of life are, it is true, scanty; we had occasion a year ago to depict it briefly from a lady's *Household Book*; but the materials exist, and they may be found especially in Defoe and in Swift.

We have said that everybody believes that he knows the life of the period. Let us therefore, in deference to this general belief, which may not be too well founded, touch only upon a few of the points in which even a diligent reader of the Queen Anne literature

may without disgrace be ignorant. To begin with, there is science. It was not, as we may have been inclined to conclude hastily, a time when physical science or mechanical ingenuity was at a standstill. The Royal Society occupied a house in Crane Court, Fleet Street; courses of lectures were given in experimental philosophy with "Engines for rarifying and condensing Air, also Barometers, Thermometers, and such other Instruments as are Necessary for a Course of Experiments in order to prove the Weight and Spring of the Air"; in chemistry "with a hundred Operations"; and in mathematics. As regards mechanics in this reign, one Alcot made and sold engines for making salt water fresh and wholesome; one George Sorocold, gent., invented a way to saw timbers by the strength of water; another ingenious person contrived a way of keeping the body of a carriage upright even though the wheels are overset; another made new springs for the ease of those who sit in coaches; there was a double hand bellows which, by means of springs, produced a continual blast; one Isaac Pownall invented a new dredging machine; two carpenters made an engine for raising water in a new and surprising manner; a patent was taken out for another machine which drew water out of deep rivers; this was not, apparently, Savery's engine, for which a patent was taken out in 1698. It was a steam-engine, and already a paddle steamer had been invented which could in speed beat the royal barge manned by sixteen rowers. Unfortunately, no one continued the experiments.

Mr. Ashton's chapter on Art is very curious and interesting. The chief English painters were Thornhill, who got forty shillings a square yard for his painting in the dome of St. Paul's; Charles Jervas, the vainest of men, Richardson, Wollaston, and Murray, portrait-painters; Crosse, who painted miniatures, and Cradock, who painted birds. Of foreign artists there were Sir Godfrey Kneller, John Closterman, who painted the portrait of Queen Anne now in the Guildhall, Antonio Pellegrini, Sebastian Ricci, James Bogdani, Laguerre—"where sprawl the Saints of Verrio and Laguerre"—Michael Dahl, the rival of Kneller, Boit, the enameller, Francis Bud, the sculptor, Grinling Gibbons, who carved in stone as well as in wood, Wren and Vanbrugh, for architecture. As regards the price of pictures, Swift bought a Titian for two pounds five shillings, and remarks that if it should prove a genuine copy, it would be worth twice as much. Engravings are advertised at one shilling each; and Wollaston, the portrait-painter, received five guineas for a three-quarters canvas. There was a great demand for drawings. Statuary was brought from Italy; and figures in plaster and lead for garden ornamentation were largely sold.

As regards crime and punishments, the sessions for trying criminals were held eight times a year, and there were sometimes twenty taken out to be hanged at a time. Five or six were put in a cart together. "The executioner stops the cart under one of the cross-beams of the gibbet, and fastens to that ill-favoured beam one end of the rope, while the other is round the wretch's neck. This done, he gives the horse a lash with his whip; away goes the cart; and there swings my gentleman kicking in the air." This was elementary. The writer goes on to say that it was left for the friends of the criminal to put him out of pain by pulling his legs and beating his breast. Captain Kidd, the pirate, went to his death drunk; Tom Cox, a highwayman, kicked chaplain and executioner both out of the cart; one Anne Greene, condemned for murdering her child, which was afterwards found to have been still-born, was hanged with the assistance of her friends in the humane manner above described; and on being taken to the anatomist's, actually recovered. Those who refused to plead were still pressed to death. Highway robbers and pirates were hanged in chains. There were a good many highwaymen about the roads, and near London the footpads were troublesome. Gipsies might be hanged as felons after the age of fourteen. The pillory was, so to speak, in the height of its popularity, and the ducking-stool was still considered necessary for the maintenance of sound discipline.

The state of the prisons at this time was truly terrible. Yet we cannot agree with Mr. Ashton that the fact is "one of the foulest social blots in this reign," because the prisons of London had always been dreadful, and Queen Anne's reign was no worse than her predecessors' and her successors' in this respect. Whittington, who was the first prison reformer, found them even worse than Mr. Ashton paints them. Of course it is a subject on which the delightful Ward allows himself fulness and plainness of speech. The details in which he revels might have been spared Mr. Ashton's readers. The only hospitals were Bartholomew, St. Thomas's, and Bedlam. People, Mr. Ashton observes with some simplicity, fell ill then of much the same diseases as trouble us now. He proceeds to quote these diseases from a list of deaths from all causes. Small-pox, ague, fever, and consumption were the most common and most fatal disorders. Herbs and simples were greatly used as medicines, with a number of quack things, such as the Volatile Spirit of Viper. The physicians, who possessed extraordinary privileges, had their College in Warwick Lane. The surgeons had no house of their own, and there were continual disputes between physicians and apothecaries.

The sights of London were the lions at the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the mad folk at Bedlam. There were no picture galleries, or museums, or collections of any kind. But there were three fairs—Bartholomew Fair, May Fair, and Southwark Fair—at which there were shows of all kinds, with dancing on the high rope, monsters, giants and dwarfs, strange creatures, theatres, drolls, Merry Andrews, gaming houses, raffling shops, and

* *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne, taken from Original Sources.* By John Ashton, Author of "Chap Books of the Eighteenth Century." 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1882.

stalls, with every kind of license, rascality, and riot. These fairs lasted a fortnight each, and gave the Londoners a good six weeks' holiday in every year. Besides these there were the exhibitions and shows always going on. The Lord Mayor had his *chevauchée* in November; after every victory the Queen would ride to St. Paul's; and there were continually new monsters brought to town and exhibited. Thus there was the Great Lincolnshire Ox, the Large Buckinghamshire Hog, a "Royal Parmacitty Whale" at Blackfriars, a black hairy Pigmy, a Leopard, two Dromedaries, the hand of a Sea Monster, a Wild Hairy Man, a Barbary Lion, the Least Man and the Least Horse in the World, the Long-headed Woman, the Piccary, the trained Horse, the Legless Hungarian, the Spaniard with a tongue a foot long, the two girls born with their backs fastened to each other, the Bristly Boy, the Posture Master, waxwork figures, the Crooked Mr. Powell, the Model of Amsterdam, the wonderful Fountain, the Four Indian Kings, and the Marionettes.

Next to the sights and amusements come the sports of London. The first among the sports—Mr. Ashton's statement that it was already in decay may be questioned—was bear-baiting. There were three bear-gardens; at Hockley-in-the-Hole, at Marylebone Fields, and at Tothill Fields, Westminster. Next, there was the bull-baiting, described with great spirit by Mison; dog-fighting, a sport still kept up with enthusiasm, though no longer openly practised in London; cock-fighting, which one can command in London still, *sub rosa*; horse-racing, hunting the stag, coursing, hawking, angling, shooting, and archery. There were also trials of skill with the backword, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, falchion, quarter-staff, cudgels, boxing, and bouts with threshing-flails; there were also exercises with dumb bells and clubs; there was tennis, a game which will never go out of fashion; footraces, cricket, football, skating, which was restored to this country by Charles II.; billiards, in which the players used the broad end of the cue; wrestling, throwing, leaping, running, grinning, and bowling. Lastly, there were wakes. There were not so many daily shows in London as at present, but there seems, at first sight, to have been more material for amusement in the time of Queen Anne than now. In point of fact, it is not so, because in the matter of amusement we have immensely improved upon our grandfathers. We no longer bang each other with flails, or fight with quarter-staves—the loss of the quarter-staff may be, perhaps, a subject of regret—but we have singing classes, a great many theatres, we dance more, we have more light literature, we have more music, we have more art of all kinds. There remains still a great deal to be done before our lower classes can be called civilized; but at least we do not go out in mobs to pull the legs of our friends, and beat their breasts while they are being hanged; nor do we strip and fight our cabmen; nor do we get drunk solemnly; nor do we go to coffee-houses, and sit on benches, and throw coffee in each other's faces; nor do we fight duels; nor do we herd our prisoners all together in noisome wards; nor do we chain up our idiots; nor do our physicians prescribe the volatile spirit of viper; nor do the three London fairs exist any longer. On the whole, though, as we said before, it would be easy to make out a case against modern London quite as bad as that of Ward's London, we prefer our own time. In the streets there are roughs, but they are not quite so brutal as the Mohocks; we fancy that the claret of this day is better than the port of that day; and the working-man, though he has his disagreeable points still, is certainly in some respects better than his great-grandfather; on the other hand, it is true that the great-grandfather had no vote.

We have endeavoured to do justice to Mr. Ashton's book even though we have referred only to those parts of it which lie outside the best known literature, and are derived from the journals, diaries, and less accessible sources. We use the word "justice" advisedly because, although we have pointed to certain small defects, the book is a very useful and valuable book indeed; the result of most conscientious and thorough work, and in the highest degree creditable to the author's industry and patience.

WHITELAW'S SOPHOCLES.

WE trust that the interest in Greek tragedy which recent performances of it have created may lead many besides scholars to look at Mr. Whitelaw's admirable translation of Sophocles. "I conceive," says Mr. Whitelaw in his preface, "that the test of a thoroughly good English translation is twofold; it should satisfy both the English reader who cannot read the original and the scholar who can." This twofold test has seldom perhaps been better satisfied than in the volume before us. As a scholarly production it loses little by comparison even with such work as the translation of the *Ajax* which Mr. Jebb prepared for the recent performance of the play at Cambridge; while Mr. Whitelaw's power of writing English verse is sufficient to convey much of the charm of the original to those whose ideas of Greek tragedy must be gathered solely from translations. Mr. Whitelaw's renderings are singularly close and accurate. He seldom fails to give a clear representation of the poet's meaning, and in passages where the meaning is doubtful, his judgment seems to us to be rarely at fault. Notes on disputed passages are very sparingly given; indeed the space devoted to them does not amount in all to more

than some ten pages, for Mr. Whitelaw holds, rightly we think, that a translator should not concern himself with work that belongs more properly to the commentator. A prominent feature in Mr. Whitelaw's translation is terseness—a quality which will be thoroughly appreciated by scholars who know how difficult it is to give the whole meaning of an author without frequent expansion. In the present case it often happens that whole passages are translated without the addition of a line to the number which Sophocles wrote, and yet without any loss of meaning. The advantages of this habitual self-restraint are apparent when we come to passages of stichomuthia. Here each line of the Greek must, of course, be represented by a single line of English, and translators who usually allow themselves free license of expansion are apt to move awkwardly under the unwonted restraint. Mr. Whitelaw is quite at home in such passages. We may mention the dialogue between Odysseus and Agamemnon towards the close of the *Ajax*, and the one between Electra and Chrysothemis in the *Electra*, as good examples, though others might be found in no way inferior to these. In the choruses Mr. Whitelaw allows himself somewhat more license than in dialogue. We certainly think that he has been right in translating them into unrhymed lines, and in not attempting, as a rule, to reproduce the original metres, though he occasionally produces an excellent effect by the use of hexameters. He has by way of restraint adopted an antistrophic arrangement, and the general result is decidedly good, though we now and then find a tendency to diffuseness which is absent from the dialogue. For instance, at l. 490 of the *Electra*, the words

ἤξει καὶ πολὺπους καὶ πολὺχειρ ἄδινούς
κρυπτομένα λῆχους
χαλκόπους Ἑρινύς

are translated thus:—

With the tramp of an army's tread,
With multitudinous menace of lifted hand,
She shall come, the Erinyes whose feet are brass—
From her dreadful ambush shall start and come.

The second line of the English version, though it is quite in the manner of Sophocles, is surely an unnecessary expansion of the word *πολύχειρ*.

To turn to the literary as distinguished from the scholarly aspect of the work, Mr. Whitelaw evidently owes much to the influence of Mr. Browning, to whom the volume is dedicated. This influence does not work entirely for good, as may be judged from occasional ruggedness of metre and harshness of expression, which seem to be due in some measure to imitation of Mr. Browning. It is no doubt desirable, especially in long speeches, to give all the variety of rhythm of which the metre is susceptible; but Mr. Whitelaw has recourse rather too frequently to a jingling series of short syllables, which seems out of place in iambic lines. An example of this, and of another peculiarity which seems to be derived from Mr. Browning, is to be found towards the close of the description of the chariot race in the *Electra*, when, to quote Mr. Whitelaw, Orestes

struck, and knew it not,
The edge of the pillar, and the rim o' the nave
O' the axle splintered.

Just before this occurs a line of which Mr. Whitelaw must bear the sole responsibility:—

Orestes every round
Steered still, ill-starred, steadfast his steadfast car.

This strikes us as being a painful abuse of alliteration; it is intended, of course, to reproduce the effect of the original:—

ὄρθουθ' ὁ τλήμων ὄρθος ἐξ ὄρθων διφρον.

but there is the important difference that in the English version the recurring sound is unpleasant, in the Greek it is not. In the *Ajax*, when Tecmessa describes the slaughter of the cattle, Mr. Browning's influence is again apparent in the line

Some he beheaded, of some slit throat, back bent.

Here and there we find an awkward inversion, such as the following, which is taken from the priest's invocation at line 150 of *Edipus Tyrannus*:—

Come, who didst send these oracles, Apollo,
To save and heal us of our sickness, thou!

Such blots, however, are comparatively rare; and Mr. Whitelaw's verse is, for the most part, both graceful and vigorous. It is certainly never dull; and readers will justly prefer variety of rhythm, accompanied by occasional faults and extravagances, to a dead level of blameless monotony. In language and expression Mr. Whitelaw is, for the most part, thoroughly happy. A translator of classical drama cannot be too familiar with the thought and language of Shakespeare; and Mr. Whitelaw appears, from internal evidence, to be quite as familiar with his works as with those of Mr. Browning. We constantly meet with expressions and slight touches which recall Shakespeare's treatment of similar situations. For instance, the address of Orestes to the Pedagogus in the opening scene of the *Electra* suggests, by one happy touch, the conversation between Orlando and Adam in *As You Like It*. The suggestion is slight, and does not by any means amount to absolute imitation; but it is sufficient to make the one situation recall the other to the mind of a reader well versed in Shakespeare.

Where all are so good, the question which play has been best translated will receive various answers. We are inclined to place *Edipus the King* first in order of merit. It is beautifully rendered throughout, and is almost, if not altogether, free from the blemishes

* Sophocles. Translated into English Verse, by Robert Whitelaw, Assistant Master in Rugby School, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Rivingtons. 1883.

which we have noticed elsewhere. The following spirited lines are taken from the indignant speech of *Œdipus* to *Teiresias*, who has named him as the murderer of *Laius* :—

For tell me, sirrah, when wast thou true prophet?
Why, when the chanting bound was at your doors,
Didst thou not save thy people by a word?
And yet to read such riddle was no task
For common men, but asked a prophet's skill:
But thou wast found with no such lore by birds
Instructed or by gods inspired:—then came
I, who knew nothing, *Œdipus*, and freed you,
Taught not by birds, but by my mind's sure guess;
Whom now thou wouldst thrust out, in hope to stand
By the right hand of *Creon* on his throne.

The merit of these vigorous lines is greatly increased by the fact that they are translated almost word for word from the original. The play abounds in single lines and phrases of great beauty and aptness. L. 109—

ἵχνος παλαιῆς δυστεκμαρτὸν αἰτίας—

is happily rendered "The faded record of an ancient crime." Again, lines 130, 131—

ἡ ποικιλοῦς Σφίγξ τὸ πρὸς ποτὶ σκοπεῖν
μεθύντας ἡμᾶς τάφανη προσήγετο—

is well translated

The subtle-singing Sphinx compelled our thoughts
Back from the vague doubt to the instant need.

The full sense of the words at line 254—

τῇσδε τε
γῆς ὧδ' ἀκάρπως καθέως ἐφθαρμένης—

is excellently brought out in the translation :—

and for this land,
Blighted and banned and ruined as ye see.

The last line of *Jocasta's* reproof of *Œdipus* and *Creon*—

καὶ μὴ τὸ μηδὲν ἄλγος ἐς μέγ' οἴσεται—

is happily paraphrased, in almost Shakspearian vein,

Make no more mountains of your molehill griefs.

We should like to give an example of Mr. Whitelaw's powers in a passage of a different character from any of these. That of the description of the chariot race at line 709 of the *Electra* is perhaps as good as any other :—

So, standing where their place the appointed umpires
Assigned them by the lot, and ranged their cars,
All at the trumpet's sound they started: all,
Chiding their horses on, shook loose the reins
Together, and the plain at once was filled
With din of rattling cars, and dust that rose
Skyward; and all together in a throng
Spared not the goad, when one from out the press
Shot past their axes and the snorting steeds.
For all about their backs and rolling wheels
The breathings of the horses foamed and smote.
And ever, against the pillar where they turned,
Orestes grazed his axle, and his traces
Loosed on the right and tightened on the left;
And all the chariots held erect their course.

A short passage of stichomuthia must conclude our extracts. It occurs at line 136 of the *Ajax* :—

Agamemnon. Wilt thou stand up for him, *Odysseus*, thou?
Odysseus. Yea, though I hated him, whilst this was well.
Ag. Shouldst thou not trample now upon him, dead?
Od. Such gain were loss: *Atrides*, love none such.
Ag. A monarch may not always fear the gods.
Od. Yet may he heed good counsel of his friends.
Ag. What the King speaks, let all good men attend.
Od. Give o'er: to yield to friends is victory.
Ag. Bethink thee what he was, whom thou wouldst serve.
Od. My enemy, but noble, was he once.

There are a few places where we think that Mr. Whitelaw has not accurately represented the meaning of *Sophocles*. In the address of *Odysseus* to *Athena* in the first scene of *Ajax*, the words *καὶ ἄποπτος ἦς* are translated "albeit unseen." Mr. Jebb has pointed out in his edition of the play the great improbability of the supposition that *Athena* did not appear in this scene, but was represented merely by a voice. It may be added that this view was taken in the recent performance of the play at Cambridge. The word *ἀποπτος* should, therefore, be translated "seen from afar." In l. 158 of the same play Mr. Whitelaw renders the words

καίτοι σμικροὶ μεγάλων χωρὶς
σφαλερὸν πύργου ῥῦμα πέλονται—

Yet are
Small men no stable tower of strength
Without the great.

It seems to us that *πύργου ῥῦμα* cannot be here taken in a metaphorical sense. The passage must mean—"Yet are small men without the great an unstable guard of walls." Again in l. 303, where *Tecmessa* is describing the madness of *Ajax*, *συντρίβεις γέλων πολὺν* is translated "And still his laugh rang false." Surely the words mean "mingling much laughter with his speech." In l. 484 we prefer Mr. Jebb's "constraining fate" to "slavery" as a rendering of *ἀναγκαία τύχη*. In other respects, however, this scene between *Ajax* and *Tecmessa* is beautifully translated. L. 404 of the *Electra* is rendered "Then will I do my errand and begone." As the errand of *Chrysothemis* is to go and pour offerings at the tomb of *Agamemnon*, she can scarcely "do her errand and be-

gone." "Begone and do my errand" is what is wanted. There is some awkwardness, too, in the translation of the lines spoken by the *Pædagogue* in relating the victories of *Orestes* :—

χῶπας μὲν ἐν πολλοῖσι παῦρά σοι λέγω,
οὐκ οἶδα τοιοῦτ' ἀνδρὸς ἔργα καὶ κρίτη.

Few among many, I know not how to tell
Of the victorious deeds of such a man.

The Greek certainly presents some difficulty here; but the translation is almost unintelligible.

It is needless to examine further the passages, few enough, where Mr. Whitelaw's version seems to be incorrect or inadequate. We have already expressed our admiration of the work as a whole. It is an important contribution to *Sophoclean* literature, and scarcely less valuable as a representation of Greek tragedy in English verse. We trust that it may be widely read, and we hope that Mr. Whitelaw may in due time give us another volume of translation as good as this.

SEVEN YEARS AT ETON.*

MR. RICHARDS is a brave man; he possesses in a very remarkable degree the courage either of his own opinions, or of somebody else's. On the title-page of this book he assumes the modest significance of Editor only, and there is no conclusive evidence to show whether this assumption is to be taken literally or only as a figure of speech. We, for our part, are inclined to the first alternative, and for this reason. In the last chapter the hero relates how he is "tried" for the *Eton Eleven* in their annual match, as it was in the old days, against the Cambridge "Quidnuncs"—a trial which, it may parenthetically be observed, had no further issue. Now, in Lillywhite's volume of scores for the year 1864, the year in question, there is no record of any boy of the name of Brinsley-Richards playing with the *Eton Eleven*; neither can the memory of the writer of this article (which covers some of the space traversed by the writer of this book, a space lying between the years 1857-1864) suggest any omission on Lillywhite's part. But the name of a boy does occur in that particular volume as having been so tried; which boy was at *Eton* during the time specified, and boarded at *Edgar's*, the house mentioned as being the abiding-place of the hero whose reminiscences Mr. Richards has presumably edited. This, however, is only conjecture on our part; and moreover it is of course possible that the particular boy we have in our mind may since then have taken to himself a different name :—

I am no Harry Waters—men
Did call me Gervase Matcham then,

says the hero of *Ingoldsby's* "Legend of Salisbury Plain," and it may be so with our hero.

However, whether the book be written by Mr. Richards, or by some other hand, as the old publishers phrased it, matters nothing. Mr. Richards is responsible for its contents, and these contents, while giving us, as we have said, a very high opinion of his courage, impress us not quite so favourably with a sense of his discretion. In the preliminary chapter Mr. Richards (for convenience sake we will assume him to be the author) disclaims the part of the moralist. "Let this," he says, "be a holiday book—its chapters like the *confetti* which are flung from the balconies of Roman houses at Carnival time." Very good; but he should have remembered that these same *confetti*, though flung in jest, can sting pretty smartly too, as Mr. Gladstone, for example, could tell us, who, as Mr. Raikes knows, was obliged to protect his face from them with a wire mask at Nice the other day. Mr. Richards has delivered his soul very freely on the masters under whom he learned, and though we are quite sure that he has set down naught in malice, his tale would have lost nothing by a little more varnish of good manners. Though many of those whom he criticizes with such terrible plainness no longer keep their classes or their pupil-rooms, and some have themselves joined those shades of *Tullus* and *Ancus* and the great *Æneas* concerning whom they were wont to discourse, yet the most live still, and even of those who have gone there remain sons and relations, some of whom sit in their fathers' or kinsmen's seats, and are hardly likely to contemplate with unmixed pleasure such a very literal style of family portraiture. Its fidelity—and it may be that not many *Etonians* of that time will deny it so much—is no excuse; the warts existed, perhaps, but they should rather have been indicated than reproduced with such Chinese accuracy. Let us say again that we entirely absolve Mr. Richards from any wilful offence; indeed his very ingenuousness is incompatible with any such design. But with the memories he has renewed the freedom and vivacity of boyhood something too vividly; to be able to do this is charming within proper limits and at proper seasons, but these qualities, when given too free play "in among the throngs of men," are apt to be annoying and even mischievous—to oneself as well as to others; for it must be confessed that the spectacle of a full-grown man masquerading in the turn-down collars and short jacket of boyhood is displeasing.

One or two little errors of fact, too, Mr. Richards has committed, slight enough in themselves, yet certainly blemishes in so very downright a book. For example, the name of the captain of the *Eleven* in 1863 was not *Albert*, but *Alfred Lubbock*; it was

* *Seven Years at Eton*. Edited by James Brinsley-Richards. London: Bentley & Son. 1883.

not H. B. but C. L. Sutherland who was captain in 1858, the former was not in the Eleven till 1861; departing pupils were not presented by the head-master—not, at least, in Dr. Balston's time—with the poems of Virgil, but with the poems of Gray; the law which allowed collegers to put aside their odious black stuff gowns when not in school or chapel was passed not in 1869, but in 1864; the name of the hero of the famous Oxford parody of "Horatius" was not Titus, but Adolphus Smalls; finally, to talk of the magnificent style in which a boy cleared "Long Jump" with hat on head and umbrella in hand is ridiculous, if the width were only from six to eight feet; as a matter of fact, the brook running under the Slough road into "Fellow's Pond" was, at any rate in 1860, far nearer eighteen feet than eight in width. We will also point out to Mr. Richards that the very funny incident he relates in pp. 134-5, as having for once succeeded in upsetting Dr. Goodford's stoic gravity, and that at a very momentous crisis, was told long ago in the pages of *Etoniana*, and has been a tradition of the school at least since the days of Keate. And before concluding our list of "errata," might we venture to recommend him, when preparing his most amusing volume for a second edition, to search his memory for some reminiscences of such of his contemporaries as had not, to use the cant phrase, handles to their names? No doubt it is interesting to the student of human nature to dwell upon the spectacle of Lord Rosebery in his younger days "running swiftly down the High Street with the breeks of a parson's boy under his arm," or of "the heir of the Duke of Marlborough, the present Marquis of Blandford," borrowing fourpence from a "lower-boy" to buy some bloaters for his fag-master's breakfast. Still the man of large and catholic mind may be pardoned for wishing to know something too of the "parson's boy"; whose was the breakfast that the "heir of the Duke of Marlborough" was sent to provide; the comparative price of bloaters then and now; and whether the fourpence was ever repaid. Such matters to the future makers of history will really be quite as useful as to know that Lord Desart was once "a lean and chilly boy," and that Lord Kilmorey, in his nobleman's robes at Christ Church, "would have realized the conception of any lady novelist."

Still, despite these few shortcomings, the book is one that no Etonian, nor an Etonian only, will read without interest. Its "short and simple annals" are told with a simplicity and straightforwardness which, though they are in this case sometimes, as we have seen, carried a little too far, are the very essence of such work. There is no straining after eloquence; no undue lamentation for "the tender grace of a day that is dead"; and, though here and there perhaps the writer goes about a little too obviously to raise a laugh, his "blenches" on this side are too few and too slight to merit any very grave rebuke in an age which in such wise has suffered and sinned so terribly. Probably the most popular chapter in his book will be that which treats of Mr. Gladstone's schooldays; but, as this has already appeared in one of our magazines and been freely commented on in most of our newspapers, we need not linger over it here. Something out of it, however, we will offer for the especial consideration of those gentlemen who have been recently raising so jubilant a pean over the imminent disappearance of Latin verse composition from the curriculum of our schools. In 1824, a few weeks after Byron's death, Canning went down to Eton for the 4th of June, and naturally made himself particularly agreeable to the son of his principal supporter in the famous Liverpool election of 1812. Among other words of wisdom that fell from the lips of the then Foreign Secretary, Mr. Gladstone still remembers these:—"Give plenty of time to your verses; every good copy you do will set in your memory some poetical thought or well-turned form of speech which you will find useful when you speak in public." And really, when we glance at the Parliamentary reports and consider that the greater part of the speakers were nurtured on Latin verses, it is terrible to think what the oratory of the next age will be when this source of poetical thought and well-turned expression is closed.

The later days of Mr. Richards's Eton career were cast upon an epoch of change. A spirit of reform, heralded by that terrible "Paterfamilias," was abroad; the word had gone forth for the easy-going Fellows who had lain beside their nectar so long in the pleasant no less than holy shade of the Sixth Henry to set their house in order. Mr. Richards may be said, indeed, to have seen the going out of the old order and the coming in of the new. With him we will refrain from drawing any comparison between the two; but no one, not even the most perfervid lover of the past, will deny that in what we may call the political economy of the school there have been many changes for the better; such as the abolition of "check nights," of "Oppidan dinner," of the monstrous custom of "shirking" within the very precincts of the school itself, and also the establishment of a far closer and more cordial intimacy between the Collegers and the Oppidans. On the many and startling educational changes that have taken place there will of course be more question; but we cannot stay now to discuss them, nor indeed is this the place. We may quote however what Mr. Richard has to say of Dr. Balston's feelings on this head; they very fairly represent the theories of the old school as shared by one whom no variance of sentiment or conviction could ever alienate from those who had once come under the spell of his rare personal charm:—

Mr. Balston was so enlightened a man that his opposition to reforms was known to proceed from no narrow-minded inability to see what the reformers wanted to achieve. He saw it very well, but he deliberately preferred the Eton of the past to the Eton such as it was proposed to make it. He had

no ambition to see it develop into a mere rival of one of the new schools. Though himself a man of varied attainment, and one who encouraged all forms of culture, he thought that the education which aimed at making a boy a sound Latin and Greek scholar was the best, and that a boy had better be left to choose and study whatever other subjects he might like of his own accord. Mr. Balston did not believe in the universal-smatter-boy who passes from natural science to French, from French to Greek, and from Greek to algebra, all in a day. He held that to master the two dead languages was to lay the surest, broadest foundation on which to build up other knowledge subsequently.

Was he so very wrong?

We will conclude with one more quotation, to the truth of which every Etonian who has known the man will cordially subscribe, and we may say that had Mr. Richards touched all his portraits with so sympathetic a hand his book would have been none the worse:—

Mr. Balston enjoyed the rare honour of being cordially loved, admired, and trusted by boys of every sort whilst he actually held office. There are plenty of masters who become very popular when they have resigned or died, and when books have been written to explain what their doctrines and virtues were; but Mr. Balston's face said more for him than any book can have urged, and to have once read in that noble countenance the lines of goodness, truthfulness, and manly courage was to learn a lesson never to be forgotten. No boy ever alluded to this head-master by any nickname; none ever spoke of him with animosity; none ever impugned his justice. Those who best knew him, of course loved him best; but those boys who were seldom brought into relation with him, all felt that it would be a privilege to know such a man intimately, and to be guided by him.

TWO IRISH HISTORIES.*

WE hear a great deal of the enemies of Ireland, though where, out of the Irish Parliamentary party and its followers and dupes, those enemies are to be found, is not so clear. But, if there be any such, the sequel to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's *Young Ireland* will, it is to be feared, give them the greatest possible contentment. The author is a man who is regarded with very general respect. His unquestionable ability, his moderation, in comparison with some of his associates, the good sense with which, when the attempt against the English Government became hopeless in Ireland, he abandoned that struggle, and set himself, disdaining the silly vanity of the Irreconcilable, to serve that Government elsewhere, the success which crowned his Australian career, have all helped to establish for him a good reputation. That reputation was in some ways not a little helped by *Young Ireland*. The book was indeed not without faults, and the so-called "bird's-eye view of Irish history" which it contained might have been called a malicious libel if it had not been the result of transparently honest prejudice. But, as a whole, the book was both a valuable and an interesting one. If Thomas Davis, a clever journalist and vigorous versifier enough, but no prodigy, was set on a rather disproportionate pedestal, the glorification of a dead friend is never otherwise than creditable to the heart, if not to the head, of the glorifier. The party which Davis created, and of which Sir Charles Duffy took the leadership from his hand, had many engaging characteristics, and these characteristics had never been so effectively set out before. The author abstained to a great extent from that curse of Irish controversy—indiscriminate and personal abuse of those who differed with him. The reception of *Young Ireland* was thus favourable even with those who could least admit its author's political postulates or arrive at his historical standpoint. It was recognized as a valuable contribution to history where the author spoke with personal knowledge, and an interesting contribution to literature even where he did not.

The merits of *Young Ireland* are not absent from *Four Years of Irish History*, but they are present in smaller proportion, if not in smaller measure, and the defects are emphasized to a most remarkable degree. The reader will hardly close the book thinking worse of Sir C. G. Duffy personally, inasmuch as for him there are many excuses to be made. But he must be a reader as destitute of eyes to see as Mr. Herbert Gladstone, or as determined not to see with them as Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. John Morley, if he does not close it with a conviction of the utter incapacity of the Irish race in Ireland for self-government. Here is a man who in other circumstances has given proof of not a little statesmanlike power. He gives an account of a political agitation carried on at a singularly eventful time. The party which he led had, to begin with, the immense organization of O'Connell to utilize. They next had the powerful stimulus of the famine to help them; and they lastly had the revolutionary wave which swept Europe in 1848. In countries where a much smaller proportion of the people were discontented with the Government than in Ireland, where no such exasperating side influence existed as the famine, where there was no organization except a few secret societies, and where the authorities were much better prepared for resistance than the British Government, the revolutionary party achieved, if not complete, at least partial and temporary success. In Ireland it achieved Ballingarry. But this, though an effective, is, it may be at once granted, an entirely inconclusive way of stating the matter. It is not Ballingarry which really discredits the *Young Ireland* party, it is Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's account—the first complete and satisfactory account—of what led to Ballingarry. In the first place, there appears the old fatal characteristic of Irish comment on Irish men and

* *Four Years of Irish History*. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. 1883.

An Outline of Irish History. By Justin H. McCarthy. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

things. Except Lord Clarendon, who, as the chief agent in his prosecution, is apparently still the object of Sir C. G. Duffy's inextinguishable wrath, individual Englishmen and Scotchmen fare pretty well at his hands. But if we trust his testimony, a set we had almost said of greater scoundrels, we may safely say of more incapable and disreputable persons, than all the Irishmen who followed not the *Nation* and all those who fell off from it, it is impossible to conceive. According to Sir C. G. Duffy, O'Connell's followers combined impudence, incompetence, corruption, and moral guilt to a degree almost unparalleled in history. One is "piebald with social sin"; Steele, the Head Pacifist, is "a semi-lunatic"; Whiggery and place-begging are charged generally against most of the O'Connells. Nor do friends fare much better than foes when they cease to be in complete agreement with the writer. Father Kenyon is extolled to the skies so long as he is an "inferior-clergy" *frondeur* against O'Connell's bishops, but is very differently spoken of after his defection; and Mitchel incurs still stronger blame because he chose to go his own way.

This however, it may be said, is only natural. A man is bound to believe in his own views or else to give them up. It might be answered that this shirks the question, which is, How far government is possible with people who can do nothing but quarrel with each other and describe each other as the worst of created beings when they have quarrelled? But there is more than this. Let us take the policy of the *Nation* itself as here revealed, and of the confederation which resulted from the schism of the *Nation* party from the O'Connells. Here three main questions present themselves—the conduct of Sir C. G. Duffy and his party towards O'Connell, their conduct towards the famine, and their conduct in 1848.

With regard to the first point it may be somewhat difficult for Englishmen, however carefully they may have studied Irish history and Irish politics, to discern what quarrel the *Nation* men had with O'Connell, except that they were not his "sons." The grievances alleged here are his condemnation of physical force, his arbitrary conduct as a leader, and his alliances with the Whigs. Now it is no part of our business to defend O'Connell; but it is at least evident, on the plain face of it, that the result of his methods of proceeding in Emancipation and the result of his enemies' methods of proceeding in Balingarry, make a somewhat tell-tale contrast. No doubt O'Connell in his latter days lost head and nerve. But that his policy of alternate agitation in Ireland and coalition with the English Liberals was the most probable, if not the most moral and respectable, way of securing Repeal, if it could be secured at all, or short of it, large concessions to Irish demands, experience must compel any Englishman (not without some shame for the weakness of English parties) to confess. It is also clear that nothing could be more fatal to Irish claims than the disunion in the Irish camp, which disunion the "young men" strove for, proclaimed, and fomented to the utmost of their power. But this is not all. Sir C. G. Duffy's book is full of heartrending descriptions of the famine. Now what by his own account did he and his party do when this tremendous misfortune threatened their country? They abused England and the landlords, wrangled with O'Connell and his party till they worried him to death, and, by way of panacea, had nothing to propose but the closing of the ports. What good the closing of the ports would have done when the people had no money to buy the embargoed grain and meat, and when no money or goods were allowed to come into Ireland in exchange for these commodities, Sir Charles does not explain. Perhaps, though he does not say this, there was to be a general confiscation and a distribution per head. Otherwise we must confess a total inability to discern how ruining the Irish landlords and the Irish grain and cattle-dealers would have benefited the Irish peasant. If the *Nation* party had employed half the energy that they wasted in mere faction fights in organizing Relief Committees, beating up for subscriptions, and devising practical instead of moonshiny remedies for the disaster, they might have established a hold on the country which would have been very awkward for England in 1848. Fortunately in this sense, and unfortunately in another, they did not. As for the events of that year itself, Sir Charles Duffy has given an account which is too long to condense, too interesting to spoil by scrappy extract, and too decisive to need much comment. With the half-unconscious satire which he often displays, and which makes his book excellent reading, he speaks of one of the conspirators as "ready to die, but not ready to abandon any of his opinions." That was exactly the case with all of them. They were all ready to die, but not ready to abandon any of their opinions, and since in the modern temper of English Governments there was very little fear of their being called on to die, and very much necessity for coming to intelligent compromises of opinion on this point and that, their enterprise naturally failed.

The literary merit of the volume, which is very considerable, carries the reader easily through nearly eight hundred pages, and makes him hardly disposed even to skip or hurry over the interminable debates where the tallest Irish rhetoric is intermixed with the most inconceivably minute personal squabbles and conflicts of opinion. In the earlier chapters, the account of the contributors to the *Nation* after the death of Davis is very attractive, despite the singular exaggeration of the terms in which their sometime editor speaks of them. "It is not easy to over-flatter any of the Celtic race," says Mr. Justin McCarthy, who ought to know, and very likely the survivors or descendants of the leaders—writers and the poetesses, the orators and the students of Young Ireland will be gratified by descriptions which would be a little complimentary to the staff of the *London Magazine* or the *Annals*

Romantiques. Almost more interesting is the account of the literary projects beyond the range of politics which Mr. Duffy, as he then was, zealously promoted and shared, and some of which remain unaccomplished still. It is impossible not to feel that in such matters he was considerably more at home than in politics proper. What, for instance, is to be thought of a political historian who can quote from so petulant and incompetent a politician as Lord Campbell the absurd statement that "Ireland is essentially hated by the English nation, and a lenient view is taken of every measure which tends to degrade the Irish population," and can add to it the remark, "A sentence which, duly pondered, will make all our clouded history luminous"? His friend Carlyle could have given Sir Charles Duffy more sensible views as to England's hatred of Ireland. On the other hand, Sir Charles must be complimented on being aware that Swift, who is loudly claimed by some writers nowadays as an Irish patriot, was nothing of the sort. It is instructive also in connexion with Swift to find that, like Mr. Leslie Stephen, Sir Charles cannot relish Swift's puns and word-freaks, and repeatedly expresses his sorrow that his friend Clarence Mangan imitated them. It may seem bold to accuse an Irishman of want of humour, but we cannot help thinking that something of the kind accounts for Sir C. G. Duffy's exaggerated encomiums on his Meaghers and his Speranzas, as well as for the space he gives to the dreary *tracasseries* of Conciliation Hall, and his innocent mention of the fact that Mitchel and others "startled St. Stephen's by appearing in the green and gold uniform of the Eighty-two Club." We doubt whether the green and gold uniforms startled many English members; we are sure they must have amused some. It is but too clear that a nation is not made by green and gold uniforms, or by young women who sing

Oh! that I stood upon some lofty tower
Before the gathered people face to face,
That like God's thunder might my words of power
Roll down the cry of Freedom to its base!

That it is still more impossible to make a nation by a series of internecine jars, in which every man either suspects every other man or denounces him, is still clearer.

Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's little sketch of Irish history is of course a very different book from Sir C. G. Duffy's, though it is probably the kind of book which would give Sir C. G. Duffy himself great pleasure. Indeed had Mr. McCarthy been thirty years older, he would have been a model contributor for the *Nation*. His sketch is very fairly written, though it pushes the license of the picturesque and florid variety of historiography—the "tuck of drum" and "majestic white-robed bard" style—rather to an extreme. In comparing the first chapter, which is a very pleasant and readable *pot-pourri* of the fabulous beginnings of Irish history, with the last, which narrates the doings of the Land League, it becomes tolerably evident that Mr. J. H. McCarthy's forte is not history. He is not, we think, anywhere wilfully inaccurate, though it need hardly be said that the whole sketch is written in the highest sunburst and crownless harp strain, and that no one who is not acquainted with the facts can be recommended to take them from it. But when Mr. McCarthy says that Lord Beaconsfield's Government "did nothing to stay famine," or describes the Compensation for Disturbance Bill as "a mere extension of that portion of the Ulster tenant right custom which gives a dispossessed tenant compensation for improvements he may have made," it is evident that exactitude of statement of fact is not his strong point. There is even less excuse for the dismissal of the rule of one of the few beneficent Governors that Ireland has ever had in these simple words:—"Lord Strafford devoted [his] great abilities . . . to supporting Charles's fraudulent schemes for extorting money until his malign influence was removed by the summons to England, which ended in his death." Either Mr. J. H. McCarthy knows the facts of Wentworth's government or he does not; whether he does or whether he does not, he is inexcusable in writing thus. It is amusing to contrast with these words his laudatory mention of the infamous Dick Talbot, whom he calls James, and whom he commiserates as having been "the object of the obloquy of historians who are unwilling to see liberty enjoyed by any but their own party." Did Mr. McCarthy ever read the *Mémoires de Grammont*, and does he think that Anthony Hamilton was a Protestant or a Williamite? But perhaps the oddest thing is that he acknowledges indebtedness to translations for the old Irish legend lore which he is evidently better qualified to treat than modern Irish facts. Surely a fervent young patriot of literary tastes might be expected to devote some part of his time to mastering the language and literature of his country.

CECILIA.*

CECILIA is a work which might well abate the confident tone of those who take it upon themselves to prophesy in matters of literature. Each age has its favourite authors, which it insists that not only the next age but all ages to come shall read with a pleasure and an admiration equal to its own. Each age weaves its crowns of laurel, and swears that the leaves shall never fade. At the present day that man is looked upon as either a fool

* *Cecilia*; or, *Memoirs of an Heiress*. By Frances Burney. With a Preface and Notes by Annie Raine Ellis, Author of "*Sylvestra*," "*Marie*," and "*Mariette*." 2 vols. London: Bell & Sons. 1882.

or an infidel who ventures to assert that our grandchildren will be as indifferent to Miss Brontë or to George Eliot as their grandparents are to Miss Burney. Yet where can we now find such admirers of *Jane Eyre* or of *Adam Bede* as she found for her *Cecilia*? There were giants in those days, and the giants sat at the young lady's feet. Gibbon boasted that he read the whole five volumes in a day. "Tis impossible," cried Mr. Burke; "it cost me three days, and you know I never parted with it from the time I first opened it." "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, with an air of animated satisfaction, "if you talk of *Cecilia*, talk on." Another day he said, with his mind still full of the book, "There sits an author who, to my knowledge, has robbed nobody. I have never caught her at a theft." Yet who reads Miss Burney now? It is indeed a good sign that a publisher has been found bold enough to bring out this convenient edition of the once famous novel. We hope that his enterprise may find its reward; but we cannot forget how one of the greatest authorities on the taste of modern readers lately exclaimed, "The public cares nothing for reprints." It cares nothing for reprints because it is incapable of making that effort by which alone the reader puts himself in harmony with the writings of a different generation from his own. Miss Burney, though the whole course of her life was changed by the French Revolution, yet in her writings almost entirely belonged to the authors who preceded it. There are few traces indeed to be seen in her novels of the coming storm and of the swell on which so many minds were already beginning to toss. One of her characters, we must admit, belongs in part to the school of Rousseau; but even he never touches on political questions. Wide therefore is the separation between her and the generations of writers who were to follow, and small is the interest which she has for those who have been solely nourished on the far more restless literature of this century.

Yet even as a story *Cecilia* has, with great faults, great merits. The plot is one which, if handled after the present taste, would rapidly carry a novel through many editions. The difficulties in which the unfortunate but most virtuous heroine is so constantly involved are ingeniously contrived, while the way out of them is concealed with considerable art. We are convinced that, if once the patrons of our circulating libraries got fairly into the current of the narrative, they would with pleasure allow themselves to be borne along to the end, and they would not part company with the heroine before they saw her the acknowledged bride of the virtuous but most aristocratic Delville. But, skilful though the plot may be on the whole pronounced, yet it is not to it that *Cecilia* owes its chief merit. It is as a humorist that Miss Burney most deserves to be known. She was not in all cases a good judge of her own powers, and she attempted many kinds of characters in which she only met with failure. But in one kind we doubt whether her match can be found among all our novelists from Richardson to George Eliot. In the low humour of the vulgar, coarse man of business she is, we hold, unsurpassed. Such a character as old Osborne in *Vanity Fair* was in its higher flights above her. She never could have written that scene where the old man gets down the Family Bible and scores out his son's name. On the other hand, Thackeray does not raise our laughter as she does. The variety of foolish characters in *Cecilia* is indeed astonishing. There are enough of them to furnish out handsomely at least a dozen modern novels. Her success, in our eyes at least, is very unequal; though for what seem her failures it is on the change of times and fashions that most of the blame should perhaps be laid. Her fops we often, though not always, find dull. Foppery, however, is inconsistent in its form, though in one shape or other it is always with us. The affectations of one age are so different from those of another age that the satires which are aimed at them can scarcely be understood without a commentary. But vulgarity remains constant, or nearly so. It is a natural product, and scarcely varies with fashion. Young Osric has long been *caviare* to the multitude; but the grave-diggers belong as much to our time as to the time of Elizabeth. "There's nothing in the world," exclaims one of Miss Burney's foolish young ladies, "so fashionable as taking no notice of things, and never seeing people, and saying nothing at all, and never hearing a word, and not knowing one's own acquaintance, and always finding fault." This fashion exists in all times; but nevertheless even fashionable fools are able to give a certain variety to the manifestations of one kind of folly. It is this variety, as we have implied, which so often turns into heavy reading for one generation that which was full of liveliness for another. We must allow, however, that though we often find Miss Burney's fops and female "rattles" somewhat heavy reading, yet at times they are amusing. Excellent is the exclamation of Miss Larolles, "I hate the country so, you've no notion. I wish with all my heart it was all underground." There is a happy touch in the passage in which the scandal-monger Lady Honoria accuses the heroine of being in love with an Irish fortune-hunter. "If your ladyship," replied Cecilia, "means Mr. Belsheld, I question if he ever was in Ireland in all his life." "Well," cried Lady Honoria, "he might come from Scotland, for aught I know, but somewhere he certainly came from."

When Miss Burney is dealing with people of rank who are not fops she far too often becomes stilted. The hero, and his haughty but admirable mother, and his still more haughty but utterly contemptible father, are all at times very tiresome. It is hard to put up for long with a lady who, when a frivolous woman quits the room, exclaims, "Such conversation as results from the mixture

of fruitless admonition with incorrigible levity would be indeed more honoured in the breach than the observance." Mrs. Delville is not only pompous, but to our mind is utterly hateful. Yet, as the Editor truly enough says in her preface, "to Miss Burney she was a woman whom she loved and excused." For the heroine we have a considerable liking, but we can never forgive her for so meekly submitting to the cruel insolence of this lady of exalted character. It would, we know, have been altogether out of keeping with the character of the gentle Cecilia; nevertheless, had she for one moment forgotten her virtues and her manners, and snatching Mrs. Delville's wig off her head had flung it in her face, we should have liked her none the less. By a footnote that the Editor gives we are reminded that Lord Macaulay saw much humour in Mr. Delville's character:—"All probability," he writes, "is violated in order to bring Mr. Delville, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Hobson, and Mr. Albany into a room together. But when we have them there, we soon forget probability in the exquisitely ludicrous effect which is produced by the conflict of four old fools, each raging with a monomania of his own, each talking a dialect of his own, and each inflaming all the others anew every time he opens his mouth." It may be the case, however, that it is only in this strong contrast that Macaulay found anything ludicrous in old Delville's pomposity. In general, indeed, we find him as dull as he is pompous. No less dull is Mr. Albany. The other two, Briggs and Hobson, are indeed admirable. They even surpass the famous Branghtons of *Evelina*. It was no doubt Miss Burney's skill in painting such characters as these that led Sheridan and Murphy to the confident belief that she would be successful in a comedy. So dramatic indeed is she at times that with scarcely a change the dialogue might be at once transferred from her pages to the stage. In the short sentences which Briggs, the heroine's miserly guardian, fires off, Dickens may possibly have got a hint for Mr. Jingle. Thus, when Cecilia assures him that she is in no haste to be married, he replies, "All the better; good girl; no fear for you; look out myself; warrant I'll find one. Not very easy, neither; hard times! men scarce! wars and tumults! stocks low! women chargeable!—but don't fear; do our best; get you off soon." Some of his maxims are admirable, such for instance as "A good man always wears a bob wig; make that your rule"; "If you don't know the value of sixpence, you'll never be worth fivepence three-farthings"; "Never sweep a room out of use; only wears out brooms for nothing"; "Always go shabby; no making a bargain in a good coat." Mr. Hobson also has his set of rules. "A man of business never wants a counter if he can meet with a joint stool"; "What isn't fit for business, isn't of no value; that's my way of judging, and that's what I go upon." When Mr. Harrel the spendthrift blows his brains out, Hobson's indignation at so unbusinesslike an action is very humorously described:—

"A man has a right to his own life, you'll tell me; but what of that; that's no argument at all, for it does not give him a bit the more right to my property; and a man's running in debt and spending other people's substances, for no reason in the world but just because he can blow out his own brains when he's done—though it's a thing neither lawful nor religious to do—why it's acting quite out of character, and a great hardship to trade into the bargain."

Hobson, like Briggs, boasts of his wealth:—"I don't tell you, sir, what I'm worth; no one has a right to ask. I only say three times five is fifteen! that's all." But, unlike Briggs, he thinks he has a right to enjoy what he has got. The two fall into a hot discussion on this point. Hobson had begun by laying down the following law of conduct:—

"Let a man but have a good conscience, and be clear of the world, and I'll engage he'll not wash his face without soap! that's what I say!"

"Will, will!" cried Mr. Briggs, "do it myself! never use soap; nothing but waste; take a little sand; does as well."

"Let every man have his own proposal;" answered Hobson; "for my part, I take every morning a large bowl of water, and souse my whole head in it; and then when I've rubbed it dry, on goes my wig, and I am quite fresh and agreeable; and then I take a walk in Tottenham Court-road as far as the Tabernacle, or thereabouts, and snuff in a little fresh country air, and then I come back, with a good wholesome appetite, and in a fine breathing heat, asking the young lady's pardon; and I enjoy my pot of fresh tea, and my round of hot toast and butter, with as good a relish as if I was a prince."

"Pot of fresh tea!" cried Briggs, "bring a man to ruin; toast and butter! never suffer it in my house. Breakfast on water-gruel, sooner done; fills one up in a second. Give it my servants; can't eat much of it, bob 'em there!" nodding significantly.

"Water-gruel!" exclaimed Mr. Hobson, "why I could not get it down if I might have the world for it! it would make me quite sick, asking the young lady's pardon, by reason I should always think I was preparing for the small-pox. My notion is quite of another nature; the first thing I do is to have a good fire; for what I say is this, if a man is cold in his fingers, it's odds if ever he gets warm in his purse! ha! ha! warm, you take me, sir! I mean a pun. Though I ought to ask pardon, for I suppose the young lady don't know what I am saying."

We must warn our readers who, encouraged by such a passage as this, shall send to the circulating library for the novel, that they have a dull opening to face. It is indeed a pity that *Cecilia* should begin so heavily. No less unfortunate is it that its conclusion should be so ridiculous. Let all sentimentalists take warning from these closing scenes. Let them know that the tears of one generation are changed into the smiles of a second, and the contemptuous laughter of a third. The heroine's final trials, which are to us unutterably wearisome, and even disgusting, shattered the nerves of our great-grandmothers. We may be sure that the distresses of most of the heroines of our days will meet with the same

fate with the generations that are to come. Humour has some chance of living, but sentiment has a day that is brief indeed.

We must not conclude our notice without doing justice to the Editor. Her preface is interesting, and her notes are well chosen and to the point.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, DOMESTIC SERIES,
1640-1641.*

THE State Papers calendared in Mr. Hamilton's new volume cover a period of not more than nine months, beginning with September 1640. In all Charles I.'s reign there was perhaps hardly a season more full of anxiety and of humiliation than this for the King himself, and for those who thought with him in matters of Church and State. The King was at York; but the Scots were in possession of Newcastle. On the day after the defeat of Conway at Newburn, Leslie had entered the town, and, according to a report sent to the Clerk of the Council, was demeaning himself there with a mixture of ostentation and sanctimoniousness. "On the Sabbath following" the day of his entry "he went to church, four men bare before him, one lord bareheaded, on whom he lays his arm, and in his other hand his staff, so walked to the church, and sat in state in the same place his Majesty sat in when he was there." He was called His Excellency, though there is no reason to suppose him personally to have coveted the style of Generalissimo, which was afterwards bestowed on him in conversation by the malcontent Bishop of Killala and Achonry, and which has a genuine smack of the great German war. The clothes in which he went to church were, according to Nicholas's correspondent, "never made for 2,000*l.* a suit." In his requisitionings he kept strict discipline, with an observant eye towards the main chance. "He has borrowed 40,000*l.* of the Mayor and brethren, and keeps his promise, which was that no soldier nor officer should wrong any of the inhabitants, but pay for all they take, and so they do; for there are 4,000 soldiers in the town, and where they lie look what any of the townspeople bring in for their own provisions, they ask the price of it, and so give the people what they ask for anything they take, but will not suffer any of the town to dress any meat for themselves or their servants but what they buy of them; and so the townspeople sell their meat at one rate, and they make them give double the price for it again." The more drastic measures adopted at Durham, whither Leslie had sent two thousand foot and four troops of horse, were already known from Rushworth; the collectors for the Dean and Chapter were peremptorily ordered to search out all income belonging to the Bishop, the Dean and Chapter, "or any their associates or Papists, enemies to this cause and expedition," and to bid the tenants pay their rents towards the relief and maintenance of the Scottish army. While Leslie and his commissioners were engaged in these proceedings, and while, according to the subsequent Scottish apology, marauders in blue bonnets, pretending to be Scotsmen, were bringing unmerited disgrace upon the cause of the Covenant, the King and his main force stood still at York; and it very soon became manifest that the lesser kingdom had reduced the larger to a defensive attitude, which was speedily to be succeeded by readiness for negotiation. Abroad, at Orleans, Secretary Windebank's son Christopher (whose personal troubles the readers of Clarendon may recall, and who in this very letter thanks his father for the bills of exchange which have not yet come) might fervently hope "God will give the King the victory over the Scots." But at home loyal people were less sanguine; thus the Dean of Windsor, Dr. Christopher Wren, while forwarding for Laud's information some materials for a very appalling mare's-nest, declares that "in these distracted times we can scarce be too suspicious," and adds that "the defeat of the King's horse and the surprise of Newcastle have made the Scots here so insolent, it is not to be imagined what words have passed some of them; those of our society are miserably cast down; if you have any good news that may erect us again, I pray impart it." Though money was scarce—and the want of it, indeed, lay at the root of the difficulty—good advice was plentiful in the market; such as that of Master Thomas White, against whom a warrant was issued for his pains, but who still persisted in his endeavours to bore the King, or as (at a rather later date) the glib commonplaces of Sir John Suckling, anxious, perhaps, to redeem by his printed wisdom his ill luck in the field. The King was at no time very open to advice thrust upon him, least of all at a time when he was coming to understand that he must call in counsellors of another kind. For the nonce, and till the device of the great Council of Peers should have been tried, everything was in suspense. A petition addressed to the Council early in September by two clothiers lying in prison under a charge of seditious talk brought against them by a swashbuckler captain with whom they had been unfortunate enough to fall into political talk at a tavern, would even seem to show that a proclamation had been issued forbidding men to speak of the King's having gone North. But wherever the King was, or whatever he was doing, it was very well known in England by this time that a collapse would be the end of the resistance to the rebels ("I must needs call them so," the King afterwards deprecatingly told the Long Parliament, "so long as they have an army that doth invade us").

And beyond all serious doubt a shrewd calculation to the same

effect had been the principal reason why the Scots had ventured upon the expedition at all. Their commissioners at Ripon proved to be the reverse of unreasonable, if it be reasonable to know beforehand what one wants, and to insist upon the substance of it afterwards; "the truth is," Vane wrote to Windebank on the eve of the conference, "if a good peace can be had, it will not be refused." They actually obtained at Ripon, as is well known, the promise of a payment which they had consented to modify in amount, but which was to be guaranteed by bonds of the Northern gentry, and to be confirmed by the English Parliament; and in the meantime they remained in possession of the best of securities for the ultimate fulfilment of their wishes. And this they had accomplished after an amount of fighting which must have seemed little more than child's play to the old campaigner at the head of their army. They had known beforehand that they were masters of the situation. As the editor of this volume observes in a pregnant passage of his preface—and we only wish it had been twice as long as it is, for Mr. Hamilton shuns superfluity as some other commentators court redundancy—

the true explanation of this unwonted state of things is to be sought in the social condition of England at that time. The simple knowledge of what this was of itself sufficient inducement to the clear-sighted leaders of the Scots to make them resolve on an invasion as the readiest means of compassing their object.

And, we may add, the Scots themselves pointed to the clue that had been in their hands as to the real nature of the "social condition" or popular feeling in England, from which they had derived their chief encouragement. In the most remarkable, perhaps, of all the documents printed in this volume (though not printed here for the first time)—viz. a copy of the Covenanters' manifesto justifying their invasion, annotated in MS. on the margin by Archbishop Laud, the Scots say of their enterprise:—

God has given us zeal and courage to prosecute it, ability and opportunity for undertaking it, instruments fitted for it [*In margin:* "They have often spoken of these instruments"], unanimous resolution upon it, scruples removed out of minds where they were harboured, encouragements to achieve it from many passages of Divine Providence, and, namely, from the proceedings of the last Parliament in England" [*In margin:* "I am sorry for this"], their grievances and desires being so homogeneal and akin to ours, we have laboured in great long-suffering by supplications, informations, commissions, and all other means possible [*In margin:* "Save yielding the dutiful obedience of subjects"] to avoid this expedition.

Laud might be sorry for the conduct of the Short Parliament, or for the opinion entertained of it by the Scots (it does not clearly appear which), but from the previous volume of these Calendars we know that not only had that Parliament been dismissed without granting the King any means for war against the Scots, but it had been dissolved in order to anticipate a declaration on its part in their favour. Mr. Hamilton rightly thinks that we have here the true explanation, and that the additional considerations suggested in an anonymous communication endorsed by Windebank "Northern Letter," have only a secondary significance. But they are curious enough in their way to be worth quoting:—

Leslie himself, if his story were searched, would be found one who, because he could not live well here, took up the trade of killing men abroad, and now is returned to kill, for Christ's sake, men at home. If you will have my opinion, I think their quarrel with the King is that which they may have with the sun; he does not warm or visit them as much as others. God and nature have placed them in the shade, and they are angry at the King of England for it.

The political sagacity of the latter observation—if, indeed, it be more than a sarcasm which was not destined to seem out of date even in the days of Lord Bute—is on a level with the wisdom of the more modern discovery that the troubles of Ireland might be healed by establishing a royal Prince in Phoenix Park. As to Leslie, whether or not Clarendon's insinuation be true that a personal motive had in 1638 determined him to accept the command of the Covenanters' army, it is not uncharitable to suppose military ambition to have influenced the conduct of a soldier who had filled important posts in the Swedish service, before he became entitled to be remembered by patriotic historians as "Scoticani federis supremus dux." "Old Lesley," as Carlyle affectionately calls him, both knew when to undertake and when to decline important functions; but neither his ambition nor his enthusiasm was really an essential element in the war. The supposition that the invasion was undertaken in reliance on the forged letter purporting to have been signed by the English malcontent lords is really needless; nor in truth does Mr. Gardiner, who believes that secret negotiations had actually passed between the Scots and the English lords, go so far as to think that without these war could have been avoided. When dwelling on the circumstance that the malcontent peers, on the very day of the rout at Newburn, signed the petition for the summoning of a Parliament and the opening of negotiations with the Scots, Mr. Gardiner adds the significant words, "Behind these names was England itself." Mr. Hamilton notes the further striking fact that this petition was openly submitted to the Council for adoption, with a protest on the part of the malcontents that "they wash their hands from the mischief that will happen if the Lords of the Council do not join with them in it."

On the whole, critical as is the period with which it deals, the present volume appears to us inferior in interest to its predecessor. This is by no means only due to the absence from it of lively letters like Roosingham's, for which the frequent communications of Secretary Windebank's kinsmen, and the isolated extract from a facetious correspondence, entitled "Pigg's Corraints, from Berwick," are inadequate substitutes. The times were ill fitted for bright, and not at all for sportive, comment; and Windebank

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I., 1640-1641.* Edited by W. D. Hamilton. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. 1882.

himself could only relax into writing about the Cardinal's ballet, and the Queen of France and her ladies dancing "the Bransles and Courantes," when he had safely escaped across the water. The few political squibs, too, which find mention in this volume seem to have been dreary beyond the common. But the truth is that there is little in the course of public affairs during the period between the Scottish invasion and the execution of Strafford upon which much new light is thrown by the State Papers; no great interest any longer attaches to official doings at Whitehall, and the most important documents necessarily followed the absent King. Nothing fresh is, of course, to be gathered from such a source as to the proceedings of the Great Council at York, or as to the early measures and debates of the Long Parliament. It savours of later times, by the way, to read of "Mr. Pym" being "designed by the voice of the people" to succeed to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. On the other hand, this volume supplies many details of value for the historian, such as the series, all but complete, of Registers of the High Commission Court in the last stage of its existence, and some entries (much fewer in number) as to Star Chamber proceedings. Of foreign affairs we necessarily hear very little; the one successful achievement of English diplomacy in these months being the Dutch marriage—i.e. that of the Princess Mary to William, Prince of Orange—concerning which, according to Windebank's hopeful cousin, the sole current French criticism was the exclamation: "Jésu, Marie" [*query* Jésus-Marie, "la fille d'une fille de France!"] Meanwhile, the poor Elector Palatine is left out in the cold, hoping against hope that he may soon be able "to clear others of that error that the King of Britain had wholly remitted my cause to the King of Denmark." William Curtius, the King's agent with the Princes of Germany, earns his 40s. *per diem* in busy journeyings of a bootless sort; nor is it very easy to estimate the measure of success, of an unworldly kind, attending the efforts of the English chaplain at Hamburg to advance that union of the Churches which was Laud's noblest dream. But England is fast becoming a cipher in the affairs of the Continent; and from Algiers comes a pitiful and humiliating cry on behalf of 3,000 English subjects detained in cruel captivity, and perishing or abandoning their Christian faith for want of succour.

Even more strikingly than the regular narrative of the historian, a disjointed series of public documents such as this brings home to one the awful swiftness with which a period of change like that through which England was now passing masters men who have deemed themselves masters of their times. There is something pathetic in the endeavours of the King—in the speech about the Triennial Bill, and still more in the speech about Strafford—to preserve that royal dignity which he had been taught to find in having his own way. Of Strafford's own tragedy we hear comparatively little; the evidence of the savage fury with which he was regarded by citizens of very good account, some worth 30,000*l.*, some 40,000*l.*, will not be new to those acquainted with the *Diary* of Nehemiah Wallingford. In the volume before us is calendared a petition of divers citizens of London, which can only be called bloodthirsty, crying out for justice "on the notorious offenders," and inveighing against Strafford in particular in the most unmistakable accents of unreasoning prejudice. More curious, perhaps, especially if brought into juxtaposition with one another, are some of the references occurring here to Archbishop Laud, who was sent to the Tower on March 1, 1641. An old anthology, or "abstract of expressions contained in letters of members of the University of Oxford to Archbishop Laud their Chancellor" between the years 1635 and 1640, shows the unfortunate prelate enveloped by clouds of dubious incense. Very possibly, as the editor suggests, the paper was meant to be produced at Laud's trial; where, though it is difficult to see what charge it could have sustained against the Archbishop himself, it might certainly have been used to prove him to have been the cause of something very near blasphemy in others:—"Forsooth, let us call thee Father of our Academy, leader, angel, archangel; is any title too much? we know thou art a very cistern full of the Divine munificence." Inasmuch as in one of these precious extracts Laud is addressed as "Your most Sacred Holiness," one cannot wonder that even in loyalist circles (as elsewhere appears) he was jestingly alluded to as "our Pope." In other spheres his name was very differently allegorized; but we need not cite the "disloyal and abusive language" used against the Archbishop by a small and friendly party assembled "at cards at Mrs. Black's house in St. Martin's Lane." In a squib of much the same date he is maliciously called "now her Majesty's bishop." Very soon his enemies were to wreak their will upon him; nor is it possible to read without emotion the prayer composed by the Primate "for the good success" of the Long Parliament—apparently for no public purpose, as the first person is employed in it. The last document we have noticed concerning Laud is at least creditable to his fidelity as a friend; it is a letter to the King recommending an unfortunate brother-prelate's son for a living in the Lord Keeper's gift, but now, owing to Finch's judicious retreat, in the bestowal of the King himself. "But I submit all this and my own unhappy condition to God's will and your Majesty's." Compared with the doom of Strafford and Laud, the flight of Sir Francis Windebank wears the aspect of a fortunate escape; but his peril had been the reverse of slight, suspected as he was of favouring the Roman Catholics. It is needless to illustrate from this volume what is on the whole the ugliest side of the Puritan revolution, the bitter animosity of the majority of Englishmen against their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. When the King had reprieved a priest

condemned at Newgate, the payment of the City loan was immediately stopped; "the issue of it," coolly writes Sir William Uvedale, the Treasurer-at-War, "will be that in a day or two the man will be hanged, and we shall have our money, which I will hasten down." Two characters, by the way, in this connexion are new to us. One was an aged renegade of the name of John Browne, a converted Roman Catholic priest, resolved to make capital out of his conversion, and ready to furnish the House of Commons with the fruthest information concerning the Queen's Court, Archbishop Laud, the Pope, and the Jesuits. The other, possibly already known to history, was John Pulford, "your Majesty's servant" and "special agent for advancing your revenue arising from the forfeitures and compositions with Recusants," whose narrative of his official proceedings and pecuniary losses must be read in his own words. The King, whose policy towards the Recusants had indeed been perplexing enough, margins an opinion that the agent's pains and charges should be considered; may it be assumed that this servant of the Crown at least fared no worse for his zeal?

Mr. Hamilton has not on this occasion followed the plan, so pleasant to readers, and to that class of readers in particular whom the Laureate once apostrophized as "indolent reviewers," of indicating at the end of his preface such miscellaneous *curiosa* as may be found in the mighty volume ensuing. But, in truth, so far at least as our own examination of it has gone, there was this time very little of the kind to note. The distractions of the card-and-dice trade will interest specialists only; more noticeable is Sir Robert Mansell's account of the condition of his large glass-making establishments at Newcastle and London, both at a standstill in consequence of the Scottish occupation of the former town. Of "literary intelligence," as might be expected, these records of a troublous time contain little or nothing—unless a bookseller's account of books supplied to a customer, including Ben Jonson's and Beaumont's poems at 6*d.* each, and Shakspeare's at 1*s.*, be thought to prove anything in particular. Of living authors the figures of Suckling, as already mentioned, and of the still more unlucky D'Avenant, flit occasionally across the page. (The striking epitaph on Strafford by the way, printed in p. 574, might have been noted in the index as Cleveland's.) The Cavalier poets and playwrights were probably already sensible of the eclipse which they were about to undergo, and of which the premonitory signs were becoming observable in the North. The Scots, in their answer to the complaints of the Northern counties, mention, among other instances in which inhabitants have "pillaged their own houses and accused others of their faults," the case of the parson of Whickham (*sic*), who had fled, leaving nothing behind in his parsonage but "some timber work, bedding, and small beer, and in his library a number of profane comedies, unworthy papers, and scurvy pamphlets." The licensing of books was, however, already a question discussed in a spirit of freedom both (as it would seem) within the walls of Parliament and by at least one author, a certain Richard Ward, who had received "wounds and wrong through the sides of my book" at the licensing authority's hands, and had arrived at the conclusion "that England's 'Imprimatur' is worse than Italy's 'Index Expurgatorius.'" Equally significant are two petitions for the release of a cargo of English Bibles and Prayer-books printed abroad, which had been seized at the Custom House and detained by order of the High Commission; and against the King's Printers, who, as monopolizers of the patent, had enhanced the prices of Bibles as they pleased. In the Universities there reigned nearly the same stillness as in the world of letters; Windebank's nephew, Dr. Read, of New College, confines his University news to politics. The bad system of royal letters of commendation or dispensation still helped "pushing" men to fellowships and scholarships; a dignified Gresham College lecturer jobbed his arduous office into the hands of "his favourite," a Master of Arts of but three years' standing; and the fraudulent assumption of the degree of B.A. enabled at least one audacious schoolmaster to occupy "ministerial offices," possibly only for a time. It needs no very sarcastic humour to be amused by the busy doings of small men in great times.

NIGHTS AT THE PLAY.*

THERE is always a certain pleasure to be got out of reading Mr. Dutton Cook's work, if for no other reason on account of the unpretentious fluency and clearness of his style; and in former works of his dealing with stage matters there was a good deal more than this. There was out-of-the-way anecdote pleasantly told, agreeable speculations as to the merits and conditions of players and stages of a past time, and so forth. Nor is the style the sole merit of the present volumes, from which, however, we have got far less pleasure than from the works referred to. In them the author was dealing with the past; in these he deals critically with what may be called the present, although, unluckily, several of the distinguished actors whom he criticizes have gone from among us; and a writer is apt, perhaps, to feel less complete freedom in the one case than in the other. It seems to us that, with some considerable exceptions, Mr. Dutton Cook's criticism errs in the direction of colourlessness; it wants force and eloquence,

* *Nights at the Play: a View of the English Stage.* By Dutton Cook, Author of "Hours with the Players" &c. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

whether for praise or for blame. The critic's attitude is, to speak somewhat paradoxically, at once too coldly judicious and has too little definite judgment. He damns with faint praise and praises with faint blame; it is difficult in very many cases to know what his decided opinion, if any, has really been, and he has not the art which a well-known critic had of avoiding any trenchant expression which might reveal his thought to hasty readers, and yet making clear what his thought was to those who cared to read between the lines. Again, for the most part, there is too much detail about the plays—plays as to which all students of the drama and the stage know already a good deal, though often not all, of what Mr. Cook has to say—and too little about the acting; and from this and other causes the volumes have a curious monotony which is a novel and unwelcome feature in Mr. Cook's work. As a striking instance of this want of criticism or description of such acting as practically makes the success of the play in which it is set forth, we may point to the paper on *No Thoroughfare*, in which it is absolutely amazing to find that all that is said of Mr. Fechter's acting of Obenreizer (on which we lately had occasion to dwell in connexion with an article by Mr. Comyns Carr in the *Fortnightly Review*) is found in the words "Mr. Fechter's Obenreizer being an especially finished and vigorous performance." It is needless to ask what *No Thoroughfare* would have been without Mr. Fechter's "finished and vigorous performance," since playgoers had an opportunity of seeing what it was under those conditions not many years ago, when another actor took Mr. Fechter's part in a reproduction of the play, which then seemed as dull as ditch-water. In the first place, it is surely not the true purpose of theatrical criticism to dismiss in this fashion one of the most masterly pieces of acting that a great and poetical melodramatic actor gives, while inordinate space is devoted to sensible reflections on the play which is the vehicle for that acting. In the second place, it appears, if not far more, at least equally, out of place, to let the words stand in their original bareness in a republication of the criticism some years after the event. What notion of Fechter's acting of Obenreizer can a person who never saw it possibly get from the author's bald remark? Yet, as has been said, it was by Fechter's acting in this part that the play stood or fell. The mention of Fechter reminds us of one of the oddest mistakes which Mr. Dutton Cook makes in the course of his volumes. Writing of Fechter's representation of Monte Cristo, he says, "It has seemed good to Mr. Webster to produce at the Adelphi Theatre an English version of this same play of *Monte Cristo*. The Adelphi adaptation drops an 'h,' out of compliment, we presume, to a habit in that respect prevalent on the English stage, and is called *Monte Cristo*." The jest is an extremely sorry one in itself, and is founded on a blunder which the author might have avoided by merely reflecting that Fechter was not likely to let the title of Dumas's work be misspelt.

Having found thus much fault to begin with, we may turn back to Mr. Dutton Cook's "Introduction," in which there is not a little that is worth attention. Here, however, there is one not unimportant criticism to be made. The writer, referring to books of theatrical criticism in general and to Hazlitt in particular, says, "It has not fallen to me to discuss histrionic events of such importance as those which employed the pen of Hazlitt. He dealt with an exceptional period; he had to tell among other matters of the advent of Edmund Kean, of the triumphs of Miss O'Neill, of the final triumphs of John Kemble and of Mrs. Siddons. Still, the transactions of our theatre during the last fifteen years have not been wholly without worth and significance." It may be granted as at least highly probable that we have not seen in these days any tragic actress who has approached Mrs. Siddons in her own line; but we have seen actresses in other lines and actors in many lines who have commanded enthusiasm as great as was ever commanded by the players whom the author mentions; and it does not appear that he is speaking from personal experience when he thus exalts the past at the expense of the present condition of English acting. The trick is a very easy one, and might have been beneath a writer of Mr. Dutton Cook's carefulness and study. Later on Mr. Dutton Cook urges, in his own behalf, that he has not spared painstaking, and that he has sought to be candid; and these are merits which no one acquainted with his writing will be likely to deny to him. He goes on to make some observations which are remarkably well worth attention:—

It seemed to me when I entered upon my duties as a theatrical reviewer that the criticisms of the time were too often written rather in the interest of managers and actors than to serve or to inform the public. We vaunt the integrity of the British press; nevertheless, a newspaper is a private and commercial speculation, greatly dependent for success upon the support and good-will of the advertisers. Naturally the newspaper proprietor seeks to conciliate these as much as possible. Among the advertisers figure largely the theatrical managers, expending thousands weekly in publicly announcing and extolling the attractions of their establishments. Is it surprising that the newspaper proprietor is biased towards the theatrical manager, desirous of furthering his interests, willing that his entertainments shall be indulgently reviewed? Must it not often happen that the critic is lenient, too lenient, because the newspaper proprietor he serves will have him so?

We fear that it must very often happen. Mr. Dutton Cook goes on to say that it has been his fortune never to be hampered by considerations of the kind referred to, and of this indeed there is plenty of internal evidence in his writings. The fact that he too seldom speaks with that absolute decision the use of which he advocates comes plainly from an excessive desire to be candid and restrained. For the rest Mr. Dutton Cook shows real modesty in his Introduction, and certainly deserves all thanks

for hitting a most undoubted blot on a great deal of the theatrical criticism of the day. In one sense, no doubt, our theatrical press may boast that it is free from the venality which disgraces some foreign presses. That it is free from it in a true and full sense, no one who knows anything of the matter will pretend to assert. Towards the end of his Introduction Mr. Dutton Cook makes a remark upon a widely different matter, which seems to us worth quoting:—

Plays [he writes] must be criticized according to established canons and prescriptions; but the merits and demerits of the players can be less decisively pronounced upon. In their regard certain questions must be left open for reference to individual taste, fancy, or predilection. Concerning, for instance, the correspondence of acting with nature—or what upon the stage passes for nature—each spectator must decide for himself; with an understanding that no single opinion as to the resemblance of a portrait can be accepted as universally conclusive.

In this there is perhaps an explanation of, if not an excuse for, the very little that Mr. Dutton Cook has too often to say in his text about acting, and the deal that he has to say about plays.

Another curious instance of this is found in the author's review of *Clancarty*, concerning which he observes that "the fate of the traitor, Cardell Goodman, excites little interest, and might safely be withdrawn from the stage." The striking effect produced by Mr. G. W. Anson's acting in the scene in which Scum Goodman is hunted down by an infuriated mob must be fresh in the recollection of many playgoers. Dramatically Mr. Dutton Cook's criticism may be justified; theatrically it is wholly incorrect. But the author's dramatic as opposed to theatrical instincts and deliverances do not seem always to hit the mark. For instance, he speaks with but moderate praise of the poetry in *The White Pilgrim*, forgetting, it would seem, the speech beginning "Miscall me not." It is true that the rest of the poetry does not at all equal and does not often approach this in merit; but it is strange that a speech so remarkable for its daring beauty should have made so little impression on Mr. Dutton Cook. Again, in the article on "Peril," the author shows, as it will probably strike many students of the French drama, a curious want of appreciation of M. Sardou's method, which he criticizes as if the effect upon an English spectator of an imperfect adaptation of M. Sardou's work were any measure either of M. Sardou's aims or of the effect which the work in the original produces upon frequenters of French theatres. Thus, "M. Sardou is quite content to purchase incidental effect at the expense of general interest. . . . Sir Woodbine Grafton . . . completely loses his individuality as the play," the English play be it remembered, "progresses." Again, to take minor points at which in the case of a less generally accurate author it might be superfluous to cavil, in discussing *The Bells* Mr. Dutton Cook gives no sign of being aware that in the English translation the catastrophe is altered. In *Le Juif Polonais* nothing is seen by the audience of Mathis's death. So in treating of *The House of Darnley*, the author has assigned to M. Augier an incident of which the parentage surely comes more directly from Dumas's *Un Mariage sous Louis Quinze*.

We have found a good deal that seems disappointing and inadequate in Mr. Dutton Cook's work. Let us conclude our notice with an extract from a most appreciative and excellently worded description of Mr. Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*:—

The first impression induced by Mr. Jefferson in this part of *Rip* concerns his admirable picturesqueness as an actor. He now seems to be a boor by Teniers, and now a grotesque figure by Callot, while his aspect in the later scenes, after his awakening from his twenty years' sleep, conveys suggestions of Tintoret or Titian. He has an ease of movement and a grace of attitude that owe nothing apparently to premeditation, but are yet invariably appropriate and of invaluable assistance to the illusion of the scene. He has that seeming unconsciousness of his audience which is the peculiar possession of actors of the first class, while he is, of course, thoroughly skilled in all the artifices of the stage, displaying his accomplishments, however, with rare moderation and discretion. His management of his voice is masterly; his tones are seldom raised above a conversational level; his distinctness of speech has about it no show of effort; yet every word he utters comes home to and tells upon his audience; the humour of his Dutch accent never being forced upon the ear as a thing necessarily demanding laughter, but employed with ease and calm, as though it were in truth inseparable from the actor's own natural method of utterance. It is simply by his surprising naturalness, indeed, that Mr. Jefferson commands applause in the earlier portions of the play. *Rip* is a tippler and unlettered; he loves the glass out of an inherent conviviality of disposition; but he is acute-witted enough, and his sense of humour is exceedingly strong. He perceives something comical even in his own degradation and ruin; his weakness in resuming the evil habit he had "sworn off" is to him more laughable than shameful; he is amused by his own apprehensions of his wife's scolding tongue; and though he reviles his vehement helpmate, it is without real bitterness, with a droll sense, indeed, that he fully merits her worst treatment of him. He is lazy, inebriate, worthless; he has squandered his property and totes at a tavern while his wife and children are left at home but scantily provided with food and raiment; yet he never loses hold upon sympathy. A certain tenderness of nature redeems him from absolute reprobation.

GIDEON FLEYCE.*

THERE is no lack of talent in *Gideon Fleyce*; in fact, in some respects it is rather too clever. Although we fancy Mr. Lucy has never written a novel before, it is very generally known that he is no novice in journalism and periodical literature. Politics are his strong point, and his *Gideon Fleyce* is overburdened with them. He is conscious that he shines in smart and lively

* *Gideon Fleyce*. By Henry W. Lucy. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

sketches of typical politicians, of whips and wirepullers, of the Tapers and the Tadpoles, of adventurers, impostors and pushing pretenders, of borough-mongering solicitors and shrewd electioneering agents. All this is exceedingly well in its way, and most of his studies are not only lifelike but entertaining. Nevertheless, after a time we begin to be tired of them, and are inclined to resent the constant parade of political information. It is very clear that the author comes from behind the scenes; that he would be the most instructive and entertaining of companions in the gallery of the House of Commons; that he is at home in the purlieus of Parliament from the tea-room to the terrace. Had he been content to indicate the knowledge he has displayed, it would have stood him in excellent stead. But we cannot help feeling that Mr. Lucy is assiduously making the best of himself when he should be thinking in the first place of his readers and their amusement; and so the story is apt to stand still while the oracle is sparkling and speaking. The political conversations are often smart, or even brilliant, and yet we come to skip them in sheer complacency to the author. For his novel really interests us, and towards the end it becomes ingeniously exciting. Nor is it only on politics or politicians that he is given to discoursing somewhat diffusively. He will stop to elaborate some very subordinate character should any of the original features which he attributes to it chance to take his fancy. When the excitement of the story is getting into dramatic swing, he will parenthetically devote a lengthy chapter to the pastor and office-bearers of a small Dissenting meeting-house, with whom we need literally have had nothing to do. Indeed, had he not been perpetually entangling himself in the snares of those digressions, his volumes might almost have been cut down by one-half, and, we venture to say, would have benefited proportionately. In that case we should have had a bright and dramatic novelette, showing a great deal of that broad knowledge of the world which is so conspicuously wanting in our every-day fiction. At the same time, we are bound to note that Mr. Lucy's studies of political life seem to incline him to unduly cynical views of human nature. His hero is not only low-bred, but essentially base; as he says himself, after partially purifying him in the furnace of affliction, nothing could have made Gideon Fleyce a good man. The best of the other men are decidedly loose in their principles and habits, while the rest are scoundrelly in various degrees. The heroine alone stands out as a bright patch of colour on a canvas that is otherwise singularly sombre; and Miss Tandy, with her strange baptismal name of Napper, which apparently must have been suggested by associations with the Celtic patriot, is as pretty and amiable as she is sprightly and romantic. We should say that there must have been something disenchanting in making love to a Miss "Napper"; it is hardly a name that the shepherd of an idyl could have set to the music of his pipe; but, considering the young lady's fascinations, we can conceive that our sentimental prepossessions might have been overcome.

As for Mr. Gideon himself, he is foremost among the impostors we have referred to. He is false in everything; he is thrusting himself forward in life; and, as the French say, he invariably pays with audacity. He has changed his name; he has changed his creed; and we may add, that to his cost, as it subsequently proves, he has likewise changed his calling. It is only natural that incidentally he should disown his father, for the old gentleman was certainly not a man to be proud of. Gideon, who used to be fondly called Ikey, "for short," was the son and heir of a notorious money-lender, rejoicing in the sobriquet of The Spider. The Spider spins webs for the unwary in a "bachelor's bijou residence" in Fulham, which he has bought cheap, and fortified with diabolical mechanical skill against the familiarities of burglars; while Gideon, who prided himself upon a Napoleonic genius for finance, was launched in a more dashing and gentlemanlike way of business in a fashionable street leading from Piccadilly. So far the old money-lender and his heir had gone together; for the venerable gentleman appreciated the talents of his son, and had even some sympathy with his soaring ambitions, thinking they might develop a second house of Rothschilds. But soon their ways separated, as Gideon, like Mrs. Boffin in *Our Mutual Friend*, became a high-flyer at fashion. If he made money fast, he spent it faster; and finally he exchanged usury, with its quick returns, for land speculations which deferred to a doubtful day a future of indefinite gains. It sounds slightly improbable, perhaps, that "Ikey" should not have done more to keep on tolerable terms with the owner of untold wealth. But he is represented as the victim of irresistible aspirations towards fashionable and political notoriety; the confidence which flattered him that he could make a fortune for himself is characteristic; and, above all, his differences with his father are essential to the plot. The novel opens just when Gideon takes decided steps towards his ends. Though he shows the family blood in his mean penuriousness in small things, he never hesitates over drawing heavy cheques when they are likely to suit his purpose. Having resolved to sit in Parliament, he calls a certain Captain O'Brien into his councils, offering him a liberal retaining fee in the meantime, with munificent promises depending on results. O'Brien, who is a man of few scruples, though fair character, and who is well connected, popular, and habitually hard up, accepts. Having accepted he sets himself to earn his money, and brings his protégé into relations with the Liberal Whip. The upshot is, that it is agreed that Gideon shall go to work by sapping the seat of a Mr. Montgomery in the Conservative borough of Saxton. We presume that Mr. Lucy must have had Sandwich in his memory when he described the humours of the canvassing at Saxton. The

tradesmen who were the leaders of the Saxton Liberal malcontents care nothing for foreign politics, and not much for local matters, except in so far as these relate to transactions across their counters. The weightiest class of the constituency is the 'Long-shore men, who, although hitherto they may have inclined to Conservative views, are to a man open to conviction. They have plenty of time for talk and meditation over public affairs, since they pass their days on the beach with their hands in their pockets, looking out for vessels that never seem to come, and devote their evenings to convivial gatherings in the public-houses. Perhaps Mr. Lucy turns their portraits too much into caricature, since their spasmodic activity through the two months of the summer season could hardly have sufficed to support them through the rest of the year in idleness and drink. But we can the better understand the excitement with which as family men they welcomed the prospect of a contest for the seat. Gideon lays himself out to nurse the borough in the most approved fashion of cautious contemporary electioneering. Ostentatiously disavowing all intentions of indirect corruption, he stuffs his pockets with strong tobacco for his personal use, and sets himself very successfully to win the confidence of the jovial mariners. He buys a ruined castle in the neighbourhood, and has it rebuilt, decorated, and furnished by his backers of the Liberal clique. In improving the chances which seem latterly to be approaching to certainty, he has had no more enthusiastic or efficient ally than the beautiful Miss Tandy. Napper, who is as unsophisticated as she is ardent, was taken at first by his courage and dash, and then captivated by the high-minded principles he professed. He is the fervent champion of popular rights; he has the most lofty and generous conceptions of the privileges and responsibilities of a member. Her straightforward candour has disarmed local scandal; she walks with him; she listens, argues, and replies; and she places her local popularity absolutely at his disposal. He, on his side, is flattered and almost touched; he regards her heart already as one of his belongings, and graciously determines in his single-minded generosity that when it suits him he will honour the girl with his hand. The gradual disillusioning of the impulsive Napper is a clever and natural piece of work. She begins by suspecting that Gideon may be a humbug when she discovers the limits of a knowledge which he had paraded with considerable success. Her suspicions are confirmed in the course of his canvass, when she finds that he adopts through his agents all the corrupt practices he had denounced, and that he sneers at the principles he publicly professes. Thenceforward all sentiment on Napper's part is at an end; while, as for Gideon, he had never felt any. And as all novels must end with the marriage of the heroine, the author bestows Miss Tandy on O'Brien, which strikes us as an impotent and unsatisfactory conclusion; although in the last chapter or two he rather too visibly makes some efforts to elevate, in the opinion of his readers, that extremely easy-going man of the world.

It would be unfair to the author to indicate the ingenious incidents which bring his story to a dramatic and most sensational conclusion. We shall only say that Mr. Gideon Fleyce, at the eleventh hour, sees the cup of ambition suddenly dashed from his lips; and that at the moment when he had expected to be member for Saxton he is landed in the most disagreeable and embarrassing of positions. The novel is undoubtedly overcrowded with subordinate characters, but some of these are of very considerable merit. O'Brien is good, with his airy sense of honour and cynical appreciation of the foibles of his fellow-creatures. Still better is Mr. Jack Bailey, in whom Mr. Lucy has demonstrated his intimate acquaintance with journalistic understrappers; who has talent and honesty that nearly counterbalance his dissipated habits, and who is brought down special to Saxton to run the *Beacon*, a liberal organ which the candidate is to subsidize. But best of all is Napper's dog and confidential companion, Knut, which the author has touched off with equal humour and tenderness. Nothing can be prettier than the way in which he dilates upon Knut's tastes, pursuits, and distractions, analysing the speculations of that most intelligent animal, and depicting his sympathy with his mistress's moods; as, for example, when Napper is sad and distracted, Mr. Lucy tells how Knut tries to tempt her to the old games at hide and seek, stealing glances at his mistress with one eye while pretending to be absorbed in a rabbit-hole, that he may induce her to run away and hide from him as she used to do. In fact, as we said at the beginning, if we have found faults in the story, we certainly cannot complain of any want of cleverness.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

PROBABLY, if such a thing be possible, Mr. Christopher Welch's little book, *The History of the Boehm Flute*, published by Messrs. Rudall, Carte, & Co., may put an end to the controversy as to who may justly claim the honour of the perfection of the modern flute. Certainly the public has now before it an impartial statement of the whole facts which led to the controversy, and can at least form what judgment it pleases upon the subject. The controversy which raged nearly fifty years ago, and which at this distance of time may to some appear to possess interest of "the infinitely little" species, was nevertheless of paramount importance to those whom it concerned; and, as it is not without its elements of romance, or even tragedy of its kind, may be worthy of mention here.

Theobald Boehm, the now acknowledged inventor of certain improvements in the modern flute, who died in November 1881, at the age of eighty-eight, was certainly a remarkable man. The son of a silversmith, whose trade he followed in early life, he became not only a celebrated executant on the instrument he was destined to perfect, but employed his inventive faculties in several other ways, amongst which was an improvement in the manufacture of iron, for which he received a medal, and, according to Fétis, an invention of a new kind of pianoforte. "The manual dexterity," says Mr. Welch, "he had acquired in his father's workshop enabled him, when quite a boy, to construct without any difficulty a four-keyed flute for his own use"; but as he grew older and more familiar with his favourite instrument he began to perceive the imperfections in its construction. Labouring earnestly to overcome these imperfections, and dissatisfied with the attempts of the musical-instrument-makers whom he employed, "he established in 1828 a flute factory of his own," and succeeded in producing a flute which satisfied him. On this instrument he performed in Paris and London during the visit he paid to these two capitals in 1831. "Up to this time," we are told, "his efforts had been directed to the improvement of the eight-keyed flute; but whilst in London he reluctantly decided to abandon the old fingering," the reasons for which action Mr. Welch duly sets forth. At this time Boehm made the acquaintance of a certain Captain Gordon, late captain, in fact, in the Swiss Guards of Charles X. of France, and of Scotch parentage, who, it would appear, had suffered considerable loss during the Revolution of July, 1830, but who had, like Boehm, a desire to improve the flute, which was his favourite instrument. That Gordon lacked an adequate knowledge of the science of acoustics, and as yet merely worked at flute-perfection in an amateur way, is evident not only because Boehm, who was always Gordon's friend, asserts it as a fact, but from Professor von Schaffhütti's testimony. Boehm and Gordon, however, became fast friends, and undoubtedly imparted to each other their several views upon the subject they had at heart. Gordon, it seems, whilst admitting that Boehm's improvements were admirable, would not accept them, and wished to produce a flute of his own invention—a standpoint sufficiently irritating, it may be supposed, to one who had demonstrated the value of his improvements. Nevertheless, Boehm, with great good nature, refrained from quarrelling with this new-found rival, and showed a disinterestedness which was wellnigh heroic, as will be seen. Speaking of Gordon at this time, Mr. Cornelius Ward says, "He was considered of unsound mind—that he was thus affected on account of the defeat of his comrades and his own loss of fortune in the Revolution of July. He was generally treated with consideration on that account; but very little attention was paid to his flute mania, such being the light in which his views respecting the flute were regarded." After Boehm left London he went to Munich, where in 1832 he invented the flute that bears his name. Next year Gordon arrived at Munich and revived his old friendship with Boehm, who placed an artisan and workshop in his own house at his disposal, and gave him every facility to complete his invention. Having, as he supposed, succeeded, Gordon proceeded to Paris and London in hope of convincing the public that the instrument was as nearly perfect as possible; but, after having spent the little money he had remaining to him in the world, he went back to his wife and family at Lausanne in a very dejected state of mind. He plucked up his courage again, however, and returned to Munich, determined to solve the great problem of his life. "Afterwards," says Mme. Gordon in her letter to M. Coche, "there happened an accident to fill to the brim the cup of his troubles; this instrument, which had cost him so much pain and study, became cracked in consequence of another improvement which he wished still to make on it." This incident so preyed upon his mind that ultimately it broke down, and he became imbecile. As yet there had been no controversy as to the merits of Boehm's inventions, and it was not till 1838 that a certain M. Coche, Professor of the Flute at the Conservatoire in Paris, in connexion with M. Auguste Buffet, jeune, established a manufactory for the Boehm flute, for which Boehm had taken out no patent; and in a circular in which three flutes side by side were engraved, they described Gordon's, Boehm's, and their own flutes under the respective titles of *Invention*, *Modification*, *Perfectionnement*, implying that Boehm had simply modified Gordon's flute. Upon this ensued the Boehm-Gordon controversy, for a complete and impartial history of which we refer the curious reader to Mr. Welch's book, where he will find all that can be said either for the one side or other arranged in a clear and readable form.

Messrs. W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. have sent us a little book by Mr. Ridley Prentice, the first of six grades, entitled *The Musician: a Guide for Pianoforte Students*. The aim of the writer is best indicated in his own words. After having divided learners of the pianoforte into two classes—namely, those who study and those who merely practise in a mechanical way—he says:—"This little book is designed to be serviceable to both; to the former by helping them on towards the end they have in view, i.e. to become musicians; to the latter by raising their ideal and spurring them on to a nobler ambition than that of becoming mere pianoforte players." Mr. Prentice's method is an eminently practical one, and is undoubtedly based upon sound experience in teaching, as we learn that these little books are used as textbooks at the Guildhall School of Music. Instead of following the usual plan of teaching harmony by set formulae, he takes a large number of pianoforte pieces composed by the great masters and analyses them shortly, giving to them what interest is

due to them, even down to anecdotes about the composers, and by fixing the attention of his pupils he renders the hard task of acquiring technical knowledge almost a pleasure. We are far from suggesting that there is any royal road to acquiring such knowledge, but we are quite certain that Mr. Prentice's road is in every way the pleasantest that has yet been laid before any pianoforte student. If any one will work through this first grade conscientiously, we do not hesitate to say that by the time he has reached the end of it he will have mastered many difficulties in harmony and musical form which he might have hitherto thought were almost insurmountable. We think that the work supplies a deficiency in musical literature which has long been felt, and we earnestly recommend the study of it to all those who wish to become intelligent pianoforte players. Another little work sent to us by Messrs. Groombridge & Sons, under the title of *How to Learn the Pianoforte*, by Emanuel Aguilar, is rather a book for the teacher than the students of that instrument. It is a very practical little treatise upon the subject of instructing pupils from the earliest stages, and will prove useful to those who are in want of some definite system to follow. The amount of information contained in the fifty-six pages which make up this little book is little short of amazing.

Mr. Sedley Taylor's defence of *The Tonic Sol-Fa Movement*, published by J. Curwen & Sons, is a powerful vindication of that excellent system of teaching singing, which has now gained even the approval of the Education Office, as is shown by the recent appointment of Mr. McNaught, an old champion of the system, as Assistant Inspector of Music in Training Colleges.

Of the music which has been sent to us, Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.'s edition of Dvořák's *Stabat Mater* is the most important. This work, which has recently been produced by the London Musical Society, will, we think, go far towards establishing the reputation of the Bohemian composer as one of high rank. Opening with an orchestral introduction of great beauty, and indicative in its leading motive of the profoundest sorrow, the tenor voices of the chorus lead off with a simple but effective phrase, which is shortly taken up by the full chorus and developed in a prolonged movement displaying much learning, and closing with an effective pianissimo in the opening key of B minor. This is followed by "Quis est homo," written as a quartet, the principal subject being somewhat commonplace, but being treated so skilfully as to command much interest. The next chorus, "Eia Mater," is probably more dependent upon orchestral effects than it was possible to indicate in the pianoforte score which we have before us; and the same may be said of the solo and chorus which follows, "Fac ut ardeat cor meum" and "Tui nati vulnerati," except that in the former a delicious relief from the prevailing tone of sorrow is experienced when the "Sancta Mater," given to the female voices, is reached. The tenor solo with chorus, "Fac me vere tecum flere," is not the most interesting number of the work, whilst the chorus following it, "Virgo virginum præclara," relieves the impression by its tenderness and grace. "Fac ut portem," a duet for soprano and tenor, is, we should think, another number dependent on Herr Dvořák's treatment of the orchestral parts, and the contralto solo, "Inflamatus," shows that he has given much attention to the writings of the old masters, with benefit to his own style. The last number, a quartet with chorus, recurs incidentally to the "Stabat Mater" motive, and closes grandly with an "Amen" in eight parts, a fit ending for so masterly a work.

From Messrs. Wood & Co. we have received the harmonium part of the cantata of *Harold*, by Arthur E. Dyer, which we have recently noticed, and which will doubtless be a useful additional accompaniment to the pianoforte part already published. Seven pianoforte pieces by Charles H. Nottingham, published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., will be welcome on account of their musicianly workmanship, and the absence of any great difficulties in performance. Their titles are "Marche," "Polonaise," "Tarantella," "Scherzo and Trio," "Berceuse," "Tema con variazione," and a "Gavotte and Musette," of which perhaps the most noteworthy, though all are pleasing and of a somewhat higher class than most modern compositions of the same kind, are the "Polonaise," "Berceuse," and the "Gavotte and Musette," the last a very successful imitation of the French school of the days of Rameau.

Mr. Ricordi publishes a very charming song by Miss Maude Valérie White, to words by Mr. Walter Pollock, entitled "The Devout Lover." The composer has often given evidence of her remarkable powers; but we venture to say that in this her last effort she has achieved an unusual success. The broad simplicity of the music is well suited to the chivalrous feeling of Mr. Pollock's words; and the wise restraint from over-learned writing on the composer's part has resulted in that somewhat rare phenomenon, as far as modern English composers are concerned, a really powerful song. Two songs have reached us from Messrs. W. Morley & Co., called "One Year Ago To-night" and "Her Portrait," which are from the pleasing pen of Alfred Allen, and which show that this composer still continues to write with that graceful ease which should ensure future successes to him. "The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir," by William Spark, is one of the many descriptive pieces which always follow an event such as is indicated by its name. It is "Dedicated, by express permission, to Lord Wolseley."

GERMAN LITERATURE.

UNTIL within the last few years it might almost have been said that the Life of Nicholas Copernicus (1) remained to be written. The man was but a name attached to a great discovery. Recent researches have done much to condense this unsubstantial lustre into a personality of real flesh and blood, and happily without dimming it or diminishing in any respect the reverence due from mankind to one of its chief instructors and benefactors. Herr Leopold Prowe has collected everything which recent investigators have brought to light, has supplemented their inquiries by extensive researches of his own, and, not without excusable prolixity, has placed the whole story of Copernicus before the world in a copious narrative. It is not the biography of a lonely thinker, brooding for a lifetime over a single thought, and passing away ere it is well uttered. It is, on the contrary, that of a busy and versatile man of wealth and station, with manifold interests in life, scholar, divine, physician—a history that might have been attractive if its hero had never bestowed a thought upon the solar system. It is true that all this acquaintance with the outward life of the astronomer would be most gladly surrendered for what no research can recover for us, the steps by which he attained to his theory of the celestial motion. One very interesting fact seems certain, that this was not, as is usually the case with great discoveries, the fruit of long and patient meditation. From his own words in the dedication of his treatise to Pope Paul III., it would appear to have been recognized by him shortly after his return from Italy in 1506, and from some other expressions it may be conjectured that the main impulse was an intellectual impatience at the inconsistencies of the ancient system. He is hence hardly to be classed with men of strictly scientific type, like Newton or Linneus, but rather with geniuses like Goethe or Leonardo da Vinci, whose scientific discoveries were the result of a general superiority of understanding. It is the merit of Herr Prowe to have fully brought out the eminence of Copernicus in all the departments of his multifarious activity; as a practical statesman and administrator, as an enlightened ecclesiastic, as a physician, and as a classical scholar, the author of the first translation from the Greek made by a Polish subject in Poland. Remembering the similar achievements of Newton and Humboldt, it is interesting to find him the author of a memoir on the best means of restoring the debased currency of Eastern Prussia, which appears to display a very sound judgment. Many interesting literary questions are connected with the writings of Copernicus—the genuineness of the “Septem Sidera,” which Herr Prowe disputes; the spurious preface intruded by Osiander into the *De Revolutionibus*, in which, contrary to his intention, he is made to propound the heliocentric theory of the solar system as a provisional hypothesis instead of as a demonstrable fact; above all, the frequent discrepancy between his own MS. and the work as published, and the question from whom the alterations proceed. There are no great crises or romantic incidents in the life of Copernicus, but the constant recurrence of literary and scientific problems like these keeps the reader's attention continually on the alert, and Herr Prowe, a veteran in Copernican research, has not suffered his theme to lose any of its attractiveness.

German Burgherdom (2), by Oskar Schwebel, is a very superior specimen of a rather questionable class of book. Popular revivals of ancient history, serving up the past in a style adapted to the palate of the present, are frequently obnoxious to the charge of inaccuracy, and suspicious as *Tendenzschriften*. We should have liked Herr Schwebel's volume none the less if there had been less covert insistence on the claims of Prince Bismarck to figure as the heir of the Hanse Towns; at the same time this view, if not wholly sound, may in the present circumstances of Germany be regarded as pious, and it is not advocated so obtrusively as materially to detract from the charm of a very delightful volume of historical and social sketches. Herr Schwebel selects a number of the most interesting and characteristic episodes in the history and the social existence of the great German mercantile communities—Wismar, the seat of so much vanished splendour, Stralsund in its palmy mediæval days, the merchants of Stralsund, the ruin of Magdeburg, the vain efforts of Wullenwever to restore the old order of things; domestic architecture, public pageants, the Reformation, the Crusades. All his scenes are full of colour and life, and, though intended exclusively for German readers, the book would well bear translation. A chapter of particular interest to English readers is the description of the Hanse Steelyard in mediæval London, with which may be paralleled that of the establishment of the same far-spreading community at Novgorod.

Hermann Schiller's history of the Roman Empire (3) will be completed in four volumes, extending to the death of Theodosius. The first volume brings the story down to the accession of Vespasian. The style is condensed, the narrative direct and perspicuous; the historian concerns himself rather with political events than with social development, and sometimes dismisses even these with very brief notice. The work is nevertheless well adapted to afford a clear consecutive view of the leading features of the time, allowance being made for a decided Imperialist lean-

ing, which renders him too lenient to the darker features in the characters of such rulers as Tiberius and Claudius, or even Nero and Caligula. There seems, for example, no adequate recognition of such blot upon the names of Augustus and Tiberius as the proscriptions of the youth of the former, or the reign of terror that prevailed at Rome during the last years of the latter; the facts are not denied or extenuated, but the fitting inferences are not drawn. There is, however, much truth and force in many of Herr Schiller's pleas on behalf of the Imperial system; and his portrait of Tiberius in particular, as the rigid, lonely, joyless statesman, wearing himself out in the public service from the sense of duty and the habit of routine, without desiring or obtaining admiration or gratitude, is probably nearer the truth than the gloomy and terrible picture of Tacitus.

The most recent numbers of *Anglia* (4) contain important essays by Schipper on early English pronunciation, by Trautmann on early English prosody, and by Lange on Chaucer's influence upon Douglas, especially the latter's *Palices of Honour*, which seems largely indebted to Chaucer's *House of Fame*. After an elaborate investigation A. Leicht decides that Alfred is not the author of the alliterative metrical version of Boethius. B. Leonhardt determines that the plot of *Cymbeline* is exclusively derived from Boccaccio and Holinshed, and that there is no evidence of Shakespeare's acquaintance with the other reputed sources—an old French miracle play, *Westward for Smelts*, and the story of “Snowflake.”

Protestantism is continually reproached by its adversaries with the variety of sects to which it has given birth; but neither in number nor in eccentricity can these be compared with the sects which have arisen within the bosom of the ancient, orthodox, and rigidly conservative Church of Russia. A little publication by Dr. von Gerbel-Embach (5) affords a bird's-eye view of these sectarian communities, most of which are individually insignificant in number, but which, taken altogether, are believed to count thirteen millions of adherents, or a sixth of the population of the Empire. They are generally classified according as they admit or eschew a regular ministry—the latter being by far the more numerous; but a more convenient distribution would perhaps be into Old Believers, or representatives of the Russian Nonjurors of the seventeenth century who stood out against the very necessary reforms of the Patriarch Nikon; sects which owe their origin to mere individual ignorance or caprice; and mystic, naturalistic, and pantheistic bodies, the representatives, perhaps in some obscure manner the descendants, of the mediæval Cathari and Albigenses. The latter division would include such monstrous and anti-social bodies as the Skopzi, and also some dissidents with decided affinities to the Quakers and Mennonites. By the writer's admission not a few of these decried communities consist mainly of industrious, sober, and honest members, many of whom have attained to affluence by their own exertions. Intellectually, however, the aspect of Russian Dissent is dreary; no adherents of genius or learning have adorned it; it has no hold upon the cultivated portion of society, and most of its branches have demonstrably arisen out of ludicrous misunderstandings of Scripture. Its one merit is to diversify what were otherwise the utter stagnation of the Orthodox Church.

The persistent efforts of Irish agitators to exasperate their country's sores seem likely to result in rendering Ireland the general scarecrow of nations. An agrarian agitation, fostered, as is suspected, by the Russian authorities, has now for some time prevailed in Livonia (6), where the German landlords are undergoing the same treatment as the Irish, although none can accuse them either of embarrassment or of absenteeism. An anonymous pamphleteer on their side of the question, whom “fellow-feeling” has failed to render “wondrous kind,” has recourse in their defence to the inglorious device of composing an imaginary letter from Ireland, enumerating every redressed and obsolete grievance, and then, in the course of an animated correspondence with himself, triumphantly proving that these Irish wrongs have no counterpart in Livonia. This branch of the writer's argument is offensive to England and useful to nobody; on the Livonian question, however, he evidently writes with ample knowledge, and with our own Irish experience nothing is easier to believe than that the real crimes of the territorial aristocracy are their wealth, their enlightenment, their religion, and their German extraction. Cupidity and race-hatreds, however, are proof against argument, and the condition of the Livonian landholders will continue to be uneasy and perilous until Germany takes the country into her own hands, as, if Russia is sufficiently ill-advised to provoke her to a contest, she some day undoubtedly will.

“Spirit and Matter” (7) is a tentative cosmogony, evincing extensive scientific reading, but crude and ill digested. It abounds with the phrases and hypotheses which from less serious writers are accepted as substitutes for the frank acknowledgment of ignorance, but which in Herr Preuss's mouth really mean what they seem to mean. His honesty is unimpeachable; the soundness of his judgment may be estimated by his acceptance as

(1) *Nicolaus Copernicus*. Von Leopold Prowe. Bd. 1. Das Leben. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Nutt.

(2) *Deutsches Bürgerthum von seinen Anfängen bis zum Jahre 1808*. Von Oskar Schwebel. Berlin: Abenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Geschichte der Römischen Kaiserzeit*. Von Hermann Schiller. Bd. 1. Abth. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

(4) *Anglia: Zeitschrift für Englische Philologie*. Herausgegeben von R. F. Wulker. Bd. 5. Hft. 4. Bd. 6. Hft. 1. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Russische Sectirer*. Von Dr. C. Nicolaus von Gerbel-Embach. Heilbronn: Henningens. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Livland und Irland: ein Briefwechsel*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Geist und Stoff: Erläuterungen des Verhältnisses zwischen Welt und Mensch*. Von W. H. Preuss. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

incontrovertible of the amazing discoveries of fossil vegetation in granite, graphite, and meteoric iron by which Dr. Hahn diverted the scientific world a few years ago.

Trewendt's "Encyclopedia of the Natural Sciences" (8) continues to make satisfactory progress. The parts before us embrace specimens of the geological, pharmacological, and zoologico-anthropological sections. The latter is interesting even to general readers, from the amount of ethnological and archæological information it contains.

Professor Brandes's volume on the literature of the French emigration (9) originally appeared in Danish, and in its German rendering forms one of his series of monographs on the principal currents of nineteenth-century literature. The leading figures, of course, are Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, and Mme. de Staël; but Professor Brandes, without much apparent irrelevancy, manages to include Rousseau and Werther as the spiritual ancestors of the school, and the later developments of Goethe's genius as illustrative of Mme. de Staël's work on Germany. Little remains to be said about any of these distinguished writers as individuals, but there is ample room for the investigation of their affinities to each other, and of their general relation to their times. The most conspicuous feature of the group is their prevalent melancholy, varying in all shades and hues from the impassioned sentimentality of "Corinne" to the poetic despair of Obermann and the frantic misanthropy of "René." They were thus out of sympathy with the essential characteristics of their times, except in so far as they indicated a reaction against the complacent optimism of the preceding generation. They embodied a transitional fashion rather than the actual spirit of a period of splendid achievement and progress in every department of human activity. It may almost be said that their influence is in the inverse ratio, and that in the scale of their writings as graduated by posterity "Corinne" stands at the top and "René" at the bottom. What is really fine and enduring in them all, but chiefly in Mme. de Staël's, is their thirst for individual freedom, their delineation of the struggles of the individual against social tradition and convention. The liveliness of the picture makes "Delphine" and "Adolphe" readable even now, in spite of their artistic defects. Dr. Brandes's analysis is always masterly, and his lively sympathy with the subjects of his sketches, especially with Mme. de Staël, renders his pages continually animated and attractive. He ultimately defines the literature of the Emigration as "the overture to the great literary performance of the nineteenth century."

Like most German literary histories, F. Lotheissen's account of the French literature of the sixteenth century (10) does not very exactly observe the boundaries between literary history and literary criticism. It is rather a series of monographs upon particular writers than a general review of the period in which they flourished, and thus fatigues attention with a number of minute details. The criticism, however, if hardly in place, is commonly sound and good. Pascal and the Jansenists, the *précieuses*, the Scudéri romances, Boileau, La Fontaine, La Rochefoucauld, and the great preachers, are the subjects of the most elaborate chapters, and the writer's knowledge of and love for his subject are evident beyond controversy.

Richard Mahrenholtz's *Studies of Voltaire* (11) are published as specimens of an exhaustive biography of Voltaire, which has long engrossed the writer's attention. They are principally of a literary character, relating partly to Voltaire's essays and histories, partly to his dramas and tales. They display in general good sense and a rigid impartiality, but are not distinguished by any striking originality or penetration, nor are they particularly effective in point of style. Some general remarks at the end exhibit the same laudable impartiality, and the same absence of the less really valuable but more specious qualities on which biographers are wont to rely.

An amusing skit upon Dr. Schliemann's discoveries has been perpetrated by C. M. Seyppel (12), who publishes a poetical version of the story of the Treasury of Rhampinitus from a papyrus professedly discovered by a German *savant* attached to the English expeditionary force in Egypt. The humour lies rather in the illustrations than in the text, though this is by no means destitute of point. The cuts form a most amusing parody of Egyptian life as revealed to us by the monuments, and the book is printed upon parti-coloured paper of unusual thickness, cunningly tinted and made ragged so as to represent papyrus in a condition of partial decay.

The *Rundschau* (13) has two articles of considerable interest to English readers. The late Professor Reinhold Pauli, a scholar profoundly acquainted with English history, bequeaths an

account, drawn from the Hanoverian archives, of the mission of the Hanoverian agent Bothmer in 1710 to sound the feelings of the English nation and statesmen respecting the accession of the House of Brunswick. He arrived at an unfortunate time, when Harley and St. John were gaining the upper hand and Marlborough was trembling on the verge of disgrace, and his report of his mission cannot have been encouraging. The other paper is a discourse by Du Bois Reymond on the causes of the unpopularity of Frederick II. in England, which he attributes to his unscrupulousness, his Voltairianism, and the dislike of Englishmen to the strictness of Prussian government. We doubt whether the two latter causes count for much, and willingly concede to Professor Du Bois Reymond that English writers cannot reasonably judge Frederick by a standard which they would shrink from applying to Clive and Hastings. There are besides a short memorial article on Dr. Pauli, a good criticism on Schiller's plays, and an amusing story of Sicilian manners, "St. Pancrazio di Evolo," in which the superstition of the islanders gives a happy ending to what might have been a domestic tragedy. An article on Roumania and its sovereign contains some interesting information respecting the political condition of the country, but is chiefly remarkable as an expression of sympathy, and a semi-official intimation that Germany has no intention of abandoning the barrier thus fortunately erected against Slavonic aggression when all other barriers seemed broken down.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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(8) *Encyclopédie der Naturwissenschaften*. Herausgegeben von Dr. W. Förster, &c. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Nutt.

(9) *Die Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, etc. Von Georg Brandes. Bd. 1. Die Emigrantenliteratur. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Geschichte der Französischen Literatur im XVII. Jahrhundert*. Von F. Lotheissen. Bd. 3. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Voltaire-Studien: Beiträge zur Kritik des Historikers und des Dichters*. Von Richard Mahrenholtz. Oppeln: Mask. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Schlaw, Schlauer, am Schlauesten: Aegyptische Humoreske*. Niedergeschrieben und abgemalt von C. M. Seyppel. Düsseldorf: Bagel. London: Kolckmann.

(13) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 9, Hft. 6. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

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